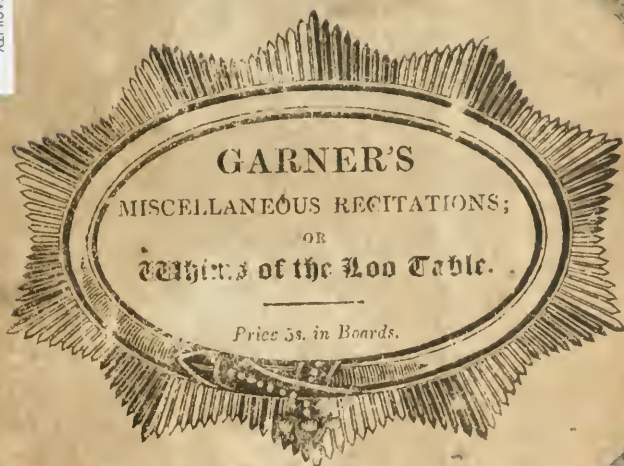


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GARNER'S
MISCELLANEOUS RECITATIONS;
OR
Tablets of the Noo Table.

Price 3s. in Boards.



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John Meacher

Don't think

Liza Chisman

Robert C. Chisman, 1838.



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GARNER'S
MISCELLANEOUS RECITATIONS;

OR,

Whims of the Loo Table;

AS

RECITED BY

WILLIAM GARNER,

DURING MANY YEARS PROPRIETORSHIP

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TO THE

VISITORS OF MARGATE.

THE approbation with which you honoured the following *jeux d'esprits*, when I had the pleasure to recite them before you at my Loo Table, induced me at that period to preserve them, and the remembrance of that gratifying sanction, coupled with a visitation of the worst of ills that "human flesh is heir to, age and want," induces me now to publish them.

Your kind commendation and the sad change in my affairs, will, I trust, be a sufficient excuse for submitting my recitals to your liberality,

Your most respectful,

Obliged and obedient Servant,

W. GARNER.

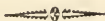
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INTRODUCTION.



TO THE READER,

MOST courteous and gentle reader, allow me to crave your attention whilst I render an account of why I have ventured to issue to the world a collection of hastily written trifles, not composed with a view of Publication, nor designed for aught but my humble Recitation at the Loo Table, during many years residence, at the Marine Library, Margate. They are printed in the original state, as when first handed to me. I would not presume to add nor diminish, and when it is considered that the greater part of them are the extempore effusions of many ladies and gentlemen, who favored me with their contributions nightly, it will elicit indulgence, and plead for that want of finish which time and

leisure would have insured. The names of the parties by whom written, are withheld, fearing the insertion without permission, might give offence. In order to explain myself fully on the subject, and give my very imperative reasons for publishing this little work, I shall subjoin the following dialogue, which took place between myself and a gentleman I encountered lately, (one of my former friends and patrons in happier days) who had returned from the continent after an absence of some years, and who had not heard of my quitting Margate, nor to the great change in my circumstances. After eyeing me with no small degree of surprise at meeting me in London, he addressed me in the following strain:—

Friend.—What! my ancient friend, Garner, is it you? and have you left the *pure* and healthful Isle of Thanet, to sojourn here?

Garner.—Alas! sir, replied I, times are sadly changed with me since last we met.

Friend.—So I should guess by that lengthened and melancholy phiz—Zounds man, can you,

who like the mirth loving Yorick, "were wont to set the table in a roar," encourage such gloomy looks as those?

Garner.—They are the effects of my misfortunes, sir, I cannot wear a face of joy, whilst sorrow dwells in my heart.

Friend.—Pshaw, hang sorrow and defy dull care; where's the use of pining? but tell me why I find the sworn friend of Momus thus metamorphosed; have ye been unfortunate in business?

Garner.—I have indeed sir, most unfortunate.

Friend.—Well, well, you are not singular in that particular, and when things come to the worst, they generally mend ye know; there is some good in store for you rely on it: don't be down hearted, keep your spirits up, my old boy, for all ears are not deaf to the appeals of the unfortunate, and should they be a little hard of hearing in the present instance, why I'll blow your trumpet for ye, and awaken their sympathy. Ah, friend G. you are no chicken any more than myself, but though time has used you for his

shuttlecock, and you are somewhat way-worn on life's rugged road, there's still sufficient animation in those eyes of yours to convince me you are not entirely past all service even now.

Garner.—I trust not, sir, for it never was my wish to eat the bread of idleness.

Friend.—No, no, you have given *ample* proof of that, my old boy; but have you any employment at present?

Garner.—Yes, sir, one day in the week, I am engaged to assist in the shop of a kind friend who has compassionated my distress, and who pays me for my services.

Friend.—Humph, *one day* in the *week*,—the earnings of *one day* will but scantily provide for seven. Something must be done to give ye a leg up on Fortune's stalking horse, and then you may ride about at your ease, instead of wading ankle deep in the Macadamizing mud of this dirty metropolis:—let me consider; aye, aye, I must put my considering cap on, and would that it possessed the power of the one used by the renowned Fortunatus, then should you be

well supplied with *that*, which all *men covet*, but few know how to manage money. What think ye of—no, no, that won't do neither, that's not practicable, I must think on—but, in the first place, tell me how *long* you were in business at Margate?

Garner.—Why, in my *old* and the new house, sir, forty-four years and upwards.

Friend.—Say ye so! a pretty good spell i'faith. And what's your time of day now, my friend Evergreen? how old are you?

Garner.—Seventy-eight years, come next October, sir.

Friend.—Indeed! then you are ten years older than I am, and at our age, friend G. as Shakespeare has it, "*it is too late a week*" to think of seeking our fortune, so that won't do, yet we are but *boys neither*, but then it happens to be old boys, and old boys are not fit for much else than to sit in the chimney corner and keep the fire warm. What, you laugh do ye? I am glad to see that however, for it assures me, beyond a doubt, you have not forgot how. By

the lord, my old friend, I can't endure to behold ye thus wrecked on dry land as it were, and if possible, I'll launch your old timbers once more in the ocean of friendship, and give ye the sea-room of comfort for the rest of your life.

Garner.—You are vastly kind, indeed, sir.

Friend.—Oh, Margate, Margate,—and, oh, Garner, Garner, (when united) what a combination of recollections do ye bring to my memory. I say, my old boy, you must know it was at Margate I first became acquainted with my wife—aye, and in your very room too;—how many years ago I shall not say, because ladies don't like to be thought old; in truth, friend G. she was one of the most healthy, the most blooming, and most lovely girl you ever beheld in your life, with such a pair of dark penetrating eyes—ecod, the first glance of 'em were enough for me, for they laid siege to my too susceptible heart, and I became her humble servant from that moment, nor have I had occasion to repent the choice I made. The charms I admired her for *then* are somewhat

faded to be sure, but the perfections of her mind have increased tenfold, and that amply compensates for the loss of a little beauty. So ye see, friend G. I have a sort of a debt of gratitude to pay you for the good luck I met with under your roof,—not at the card loo, believe me, for there I lost my money, but then I gained a prize of the first order in my wife, and when a man's looking out for prizes among the blanks of this *life*, a good wife's the very best he can obtain, that's my opinion, so give me your hand, my old friend, and rely on my exertions to serve ye.

Garner.—Many thanks, my kind sir, and pray how is the good lady; she's well, I hope?

Friend.—In excellent health, I thank ye, I left her not an hour since,—but you must call on us, she'll be very glad to see you I'm certain of it.

Garner.—And the young ladies and gentlemen, how are they, sir?

Friend.—Why, the young ladies and gentlemen, as you call them, friend G. are now men

and women, and all of them married, and what's more, they have most of them *young* ladies and *young* gentlemen of their own.

Garner.—I am most happy to hear it, sir.

Friend.—And I don't repine at it, my old friend, but such a family of children to portion off, together with so many weddings, christenings, and the like, it has caused a pretty heavy pull on my purse, which, what with one mishap and the other, is by no means so weighty as when I used to pay you a visit at Margate: but, zounds! I'm only prating of my own concerns, without thinking of yours. I say, my old boy, I remember you used to recite an amazing variety of droll stories at your loo table, which appeared to be highly relished by your numerous visitors; tell me, did ye keep copies of them?

Garner.—Such as I thought most worthy of being preserved I did, sir.

Friend.—Do you know, it strikes me, if you were to publish those funny scraps, for it's quite the rage for scrapping you know, that they would tend very much to your advantage.

Garner.—Do you think so, sir?

Friend.—I do, indeed, and I would have you think seriously about it; publish by subscription, and then ye cannot err ye know.

Garner.—I would endeavour to do so, sir, but I fear they would not sell.

Friend.—Not sell! I warrant ye, one person cannot serve a *great many* I'll allow, but there's nothing more easy than for a *great many* to serve one, and out of the million you have amused at the expense of your lungs, surely some of them will freely bestow their mite, to keep the said lungs in repair, which cannot be done without eating and drinking, as I needn't tell you, my old boy.

Garner.—You inspire me with anticipations, sir, that—

Friend.—Will be realized; yes, take my word for it; think ye, that those who have so often enjoyed your hilarity during the summer of your prosperity, will refuse a cheering smile, or a helping hand to serve ye in this your winter of adversity? No, no, have better hopes, my

old friend ; but remember this, whilst the grass grows the steed——you understand me, the proverb's somewhat musty, and I'll say no more, except lose no time, for at your age you have none to spare I assure ye.

Garner.—Encouraged by your flattering suggestions, I'll seek out my friends, and try what can be done, sir.

Friend.—Do, do, here's my card, and be sure you call soon, and hark'ee, friend G., bring your subscription list along with ye, for we'll one and all subscribe ; you must stay and dine with us of course, and chat a little with my better half, about old times and all that sort of thing, when you and I will take a cheerful glass of punch together, and drink success to your new undertaking, and our better acquaintance at the same time ; and now good morning to ye, my old friend, good morning.

Garner.—Good morning, sir, good morning, and may Heaven reward you for your charitable intentions.

Emboldened by the advice of the worthy Gen-

tleman as above described, I resolved to publish the following effusions, and I trust they will not be deemed entirely unworthy of the notice of those worthy friends and patrons, whose liberality and kindness I have experienced on so many former occasions.

Should these offsprings of many parents meet with a favorable reception, and find protecting friends when turned adrift on the wide world, I may hereafter publish a second volume, containing many other such bantlings, now in my possession, and in the interim, I have the honor to be, my kind friends, and patrons, and the public's

Most grateful and most devoted

Servant,

WILLIAM GARNER.

GARNER'S RECITATIONS ;

OR,

WHIMS OF THE LOO TABLE.

Written for the Opening of the New Library, August, 1811, the previous one having been destroyed by a violent Storm, January, 1808. By an Officer of the 22nd Dragoons.

IF on each night, for many an anxious year,
My pride has been your leisure hours to cheer ;
On *this* my hopes are more than ever warm,
With prouder claims I greet each friendly form.

My *levee-room*, now open to your view,
Sure *must* be charming---for the thing is *new* ;
Pains were not wanting to erect the pile,
Art nor expense---to gain your FAV'RING SMILE ;
My toil has been to have the building graced
With classic elegance and modest taste ;
Yet after all my best attempts, I see,
Its brightest ornaments---*yourselves must be.*

Grateful for patronage so long bestowed,
My steps, adventurous, tempt a broader road.

What though no music breathe its witchery here,
Lull each soft sense and charm the listening ear !

*While beauteous nymphs here deign to smile around—
Sure sweetest harmony's in beauty found.*

I LONG HAVE BEEN IN LOVE---fair ladies! grace---
Ye beaus! compassionate my doleful case---
And let this now, unless my suit you slight,
With PUBLIC FAVOUR BE MY WEDDING NIGHT;
And as a proof how much I prize the boon,
I'll hope *each season---still my Honey Moon.*

FRIEND, Garner! from youth I've been taught to
believe,

“That no good can be gained from attempts to deceive.”

But in times topsy-turvy, like those that pass by,

Where can we that rare thing integrity spy?

In the sphere of *thy* motions old truths are reversed,

“The happiest are they, who make friends with the
worst.”

But with *knaves* though *conversant* the *merit* is *thine*,
In honesty sterling untarnished to shine.

Thy attentions polite, and thy efforts to please,

May they bring to thy bosom the cordial of ease!

Be thy newly reared structure much crowded with
friends!

May a prosperous calm, for the storm, make amends;

To thee and Dame Fortune my fate I resign,

And whate'er ye allot me, I will not repine;

Be they Pam, ace, or king, or e'en nothing but blanks

Well pleased with the past I'll return ye my thanks.

PARODY.

“ Satan’s Address to the Sun.”

TO PAM.

O, THOU that with surpassing glory crowned, looks
 from thy paper throne like the god of this new shop,
 at whose sight all the fair ones turn their expectant
 eyes; to thee I call, but with no friendly voice, and add
 thy name, O, Pam! to tell thee how I hate thy looks,
 that bring to my remembrance what cash I have lost;
 how happy once with money in my purse, till loo and
 speculation drew it out, striving with ardent zeal for
 ace or king.

THOUGH vernal beauty spreads her charms,
 O, Margate, o’er thy bright domain;
 Though health each cheering bosom warms,
 And the pale cheek is flush’d again.

Still roving nature wishes more,
 And not to views or health confin’d;
 And searching an exhaustless store,
 Would yet employ the busy mind.

For this she seeks her sister art,
 With her projects each matchless grace;
 Catches each theme that strikes the heart,
 In Garner’s temple all to place.

When rising o'er the sparkling sea,
 The sun's bright chariot first is roll'd ;
 Or when complete his destin'd way,
 He sets in clouds of living gold.

Still shall the polish'd mind repair,
 To seek its best most pleasing food ;
 The wise of other times, and there
 Admire again the great and good.

And long may you, my friend, enjoy,
 The world's esteem your well earn'd praise ;
 Or grief, or sickness e'er destroy,
 The comfort of your latter days.

S.

In this scene of diversion where grave ones and gay,
 To business or pleasure rush eagerly on ;
 Permit a poor poet to stop in the way,
 And pay his good wishes ere time should be gone.

'Midst the bustle of Margate how anxious we see,
 Thy subscribers assemble with joy in their eyes ;
 While with looks of full hope and with hearts full of glee,
 They hear Mr. Garner decree them the prize.

May health spread her pinions while firm on the shore,
 Prosperity hastens your mansion to raise ;
 May the rough rolling billows disturb you no more,
 And peace, wealth, and comfort attend all your days.

S.

MR. GARNER I congratulate,
 This alteration in your state ;
 I hope t'will meet your approbation,
 And the sea respect your situation.

I wish you happiness and health,
 And may your mansion bring you wealth ;
 And I know you are so much loved,
 That all Margate have their friendship proved.

Pray have compassion on poor me,
 'Tis my last shilling that you see ;
 My rhyming I must now give o'er,
 For I've exhausted all my store. S.

A LITTLE petitioner comes to implore,
 Mr. Garner, to take from her some wishes more ;
 That his house may be pleasant, convenient its station,
 And be built with his hopes on a certain foundation :
 Be safe from destruction, by water and fire,
 These, these are the wishes of little Maria. S.

WITH infant heart of purest mould,
 A little fairy sprite behold ;
 Her lisping accents to employ,
 In wishing Mr. Garner joy :

Long may he tread life's various stage,
 And long enjoy repose in age ;
 Though echoing thus the wish of many,
 Still 'tis the wish of little Fanny.

S.

YE visitors of Margate, stop,
 And look in little Garner's shop
 To view his trinkets rare ;
 Where many a gem of perfect hue ;
 The garnet red and sapphire blue,
 Attract the vacant stare.

For all around in nice array,
 Their owner's well known taste display
 To tempt you in his plan ;
 For when the purse does heavy grow,
 It is but charity, you know,
 To ease it if he can.

“ La ! Ma ! ” says Miss, from Mincing Lane,
 Whose tawdry clothes had made her vain,
 “ La ! vat a pretty toy,
 I vish that my papa would please,
 To leave off selling nasty cheese,
 And here his time employ.”

“ Oh, fye ! ” indeed mama says, “ stop,
 You should'nt talk about the shop,
 For sure there's no one knows,

But that ve lives in Grosvenor Square,
 Put on a more genteeler air,
 And pray turn out your toes.

“ Besides,” says she “ I’m sure, my dear,
 Ve vant not your papa down here,
 He’s such a vulgar brute ;
 Which Captain Jones would cry out, fye on !
 And not again to Dandelion,
 Take us in his suite.”

A buckish wight with broidered coat,
 And yards of neckcloth round his throat,
 Cries, “ Dem’me, how dye do ?”
 And whispering says, “ My masters out,
 So I thought fit to have a rout,
 And take a turn at loo.”

His master by, with anger stares,
 (Who was a torturer of hairs)
 And thus his passion raved ;
 “ I’ll have you put within the stocks,
 You dog, to leave the wigs and blocks !
 And customers unshaved.

“ How dare you run such foolish rigs,
 And leave off making ladies wigs,
 And patent violet soap ;
 Such rogues as you all mischief hatch,
 And come at last to fam’d Jack Ketch,
 To dangle in his rope.”

And next to him, describe who can,
 That little punchy round face man,
 Whose belly's like a vat ;
 Who lived as folks may plainly see,
 On callipash and callipee,
 And venison and geen fat.

Who eats till he no more can stuff,
 And never thinks he has enough,
 Says, " Call you this a treat ?
 I vow I've search'd the town all round,
 And though I've striv'd, I have not found
 A dinner fit to eat.

" Except but when the overseers,
 And parish officers like peers,
 Invited me one day ;
 When they had met to make a rate,
 We eat and drank till it was late,
 Which townsmen had to pay."

But next to him see Molly Squires,
 Whom every greenhorn beau admires,
 She's such a dashing look ;
 No wonder she's a ruddy face,
 She has but now just left her place,
 Where long she has been cook.

Her wages came to six pounds ten,
 With which she thought to catch the men
 (Who follow outside show) ;

By famous shoes of Margate brown,
 And bonnet with a yard of crown,
 And feathers on a row.

Some Bond Street loungee next appears,
 Who's got in debt o'er head and ears,
 And meets a brother buck ;
 " My boy, how are you ? how're the tits,
 Your spanking grays ? what ! gone to bits ?
 You've nothing but ill luck."

" Ah, Tom ! indeed, I've left the town,
 Where Tattersal did knock 'em down,
 And coach and harness too :
 I'm now upon another plan,
 To make up losses if I can,
 By winning much at loo."

For Bond Street folks, with empty skulls,
 Are often just as easy gulls
 As sharpers may desire :
 If in the Thames you chance should throw,
 A City blood or Bond Street beau,
 They'd set it *not* on fire.

But truce, no more, we all are known
 To see all follies but our own,
 And like the rest I am ;
 Then let us not be over nice,
 But take and rattle well the dice
 And try for Mr. Pam.

PARODY.

“ This is the House that Jack Built.”

THIS is the HOUSE that Garner built,
Where dwells Dame Fortune a noted jilt ;
Where old and young, all sorts and sizes,
She nightly *serves with lots of prizes.*

This is the ROTUNDA that looks to the sea,
With books amply stor'd and a nice gallery,
At the back of the house that Garner built,
Where dwells Dame Fortune that noted jilt.

This is the TABLE all covered with green,
Where papers and magazines daily are seen,
In the pleasant rotunda that looks to the sea,
While some sit and read in the nice gallery ;
While they patiently wait upon Fortune, the jilt,
At the back of the house that Garner built.

This is the LIST whose dread numbers decide,
If a prize make us glad, or a blank damp our pride,
Where Betsy and unlucky Neddy agree,
In crying---“ Dear Pam, be civil to me.”
Dear Garner, distribute your kings, queens, and aces,
Amidst those fair ladies who sit like the graces,
Surrounding the table all covered with green,
While black, brown, and fair to advantage are seen ;
Crowding through the rotunda, that looks to the sea,
Or enjoying the air in the nice gallery,

At the back of the house that Garner built,
Where dwells Dame Fortune that noted jilt.

This is Will Garner, who when thus surrounded,
By Chance or Miss Chance can ne'er be confounded,
For the more his room's crowded, the merrier is he,
And the merrier he is---why the happier are we ;
While he deals out the cards, which to shuffle his trade is,
And when shuffled by him, they are cut by the ladies,
Who sit round the table, all covered with green,
So anxious for Pam, they think nought of a queen,
But crowd the rotunda, that looks to the sea,
And not one is left in the nice gallery,
All paying their court to Dame Fortune the jilt,
Who dwells in the house that Garner built ;
Where old and young, all sorts and sizes,
She nightly *serves with lots of prizes.*

PARODY.

“ Alone by the Light of the Moon.”

My money's departed and soon from the pier,
The Victory must bear me away ;
I intended, indeed, to have stayed longer here,
And dance with the blythe and the gay :
 But old parchment is come,
 And has ordered me home,
Where I sit with my pen in my ear,
 In an office quite dark,
 Though I'm called his head clerk,
With a stipend of fifty per year.

I cannot at present unfold what I feel,
 Nor how I've disposed of my cash;
 But I know that I pawned both my watch and my seal,
 For the metal that Shakespear calls trash.
 And this I can find,
 I must leave them behind,
 And trust them with uncle down here,
 Till money's less scarce,
 Then I'll come with good grace,
 And redeem them perhaps the next year.

Would my landlord and bather but patiently wait,
 And indulge a fond rover this boon;
 I'd really acknowledge the favour was great,
 And promise to call on them soon.
 If they'd let me go clear
 From off the new pier,
 Nor fright me with (Dover) and jail,
 Then I happy should be,
 When I got out to sea,
 And would pray for a prosperous gale.

PARODY ON MOORE'S SONG.

"Oh! there's not in this wide world a valley so sweet."

OH! there's not in old Margate a raffle so sweet,
 As at Garner's each night at the foot of High-street;
 Oh! the last rays of pleasure and fun must depart,
 Ere the tint of his caxon shall fade from my heart!

Yet 'tis *not* that the barber has spun him so fine,
 This jazey that rivals a huge ball of twine ;
 Or a tuft of long grass which by magic command is,
 In fairy tale falling unwell with the jaundice.

And 'tis *not* that I count three-pence farthing in purse,
 And 'tis *not* that my coat might be certainly worse ;
 'Tis *not* that I'm viewed by a host of fine gazers,
 Since I've won my great grandmother two sets of razors !

These make not the bliss I experience each night,
 When I see how his wig fits so even and tight ;
 And think of my own—but I beg to rehearse,
 The subject *ad libitum* in the next verse.

Quiet jazey of Garner ! what joy would I cull,
 Did *my* wig sit as calm as thine sits on thy skull ;
 But my wife you must know, with a face like a hatchet,
 Doth strip my soft head and eternally scratch it.

MARGATE.

MANY a dashing belle and beau,
 Many a gouty leg or toe ;
 Many a place to lounge or walk in,
 Many a place to sit and talk in ;
 Many a place to ease your purses,
 Many a loo to fill with verses ;

Many a masque, a ball, and play,
 Many a nod across the way ;
 Many voyaging in the packet,
 Many stomachs in a racket ;
 Many from cold or hot baths reeking,
 Many an organ, grinding, squeaking ;
 Many a bargain, if you strike it,
 This is Margate---how do you like it ?

DEBORAH DYE FOR IT,

THE DYER'S DAUGHTER OF WHITECHAPEL.

I'm a longing old maid,
 And I'm sadly afraid,
 Without Pam the beau's will not come near me ;
 So my dear little man,
 Give him me if you can,
 That the handsome young flirts may not jeer me.

Though they boast out of spite,
 Of their red and their white,
 Yet no difference I see I declare ;
 For I'm short, pale, and fat,
 But to make up for that,
 I have got a red nose and red hair.

Then tell all the young men,
 Who're about five feet ten,

That instead of the charms of the face !

I can bring to their view,

From my pocket book too,

Some sweet lines from dear Henry Hase.

Tell the flirts they're mistaken,

Who think I'm forsaken,

Though I ne'er had but two beaux efegs !

And the truth to declare,

They're an unequall'd pair,

For the *bows* that I mean are my legs.

Then to tell what I am,

Only first look at Pam,

For his legs and my own just agree ;

If there's any girl, let her

Say that her's suit him better,

Then the ace or the king give to me.

FRIEND, Garner, as I nightly pop,

Into your winning losing shop ;

And cheerfully my mite put down,

In hopes to gain at least a crown.

This bright new shilling prithee place,

Where Fortune bids you deal an ace ;

Or if by some perverse mistake,

In shuffle, or in cut you take

Another card to spare you blame,

That card must prove a king or Pam.

A Gentleman having lost his Purse on the Pier, sent the following Lines to be inserted in the Card Loo the same Evening, taking a Number for each Verse.

GARNER, I have lost my purse,
 Have you seen my rhino ?
 No condition can be worse
 Than mine, both you and I know.

Never shall I see my cash,
 O, unlucky minute ;
 Who stole my purse, did not steal trash,
 For three pounds ten were in it.

My road to London must be rough,
 The coach box I must share, sir ;
 They have not left me cash enough,
 To pay the inside fare, sir.

ON A LITTLE MAN GOING TO A BALL WITH
 A VERY LARGE COCKED HAT.

WALKING along the other day,
 Engaged in solemn chat ;
 I saw approaching on the way,
 A monstrous large cock'd hat.

Amazed at such a wondrous sight,
 And also in the street ;
 But then I was astonished quite,
 For lo ! this hat had feet.

But being by progression brought,
 Unto a nearer view ;
 This phantom which my eyes had caught,
 Hat, legs, and body too.

A man and hat, or hat and man,
 I know not which to call ;
 The hat was more than twice a span,
 The man was very small.

Then censure neither this or that,
 But praise this alter'd plan ;
 'Twas not the man that wore the hat,
 But the hat which wore the man.

ADIEU, Napoleon, thou luckless wight,
 Whate'er you do is seldom right ;
 You lost your crown, you lost your wife,
 You lost your—— *no*, you *ran* for life.
 And fairly turn'd your back on fame,
 And now forsooth, have lost your name ;
 I took it up in hopes to see
 You beat the lucky Fanny B.

But e'en at cards at Garner's loo.
 I find the proverb's very true :
 (A dog's ill name will surely hang him,
 And any of fifty-two will bang him,
 Such fearful odds no more I'll try,
 When all the world with hue and cry,
 To run him down, and make him flee,
 Before Richard the III. and H. E. C.
 No common foes to cope withal,
 But *curs'd* be your luckless fall ;
My purse pays piper, without e'en a dance,
 Without e'en *a look* at once *your* France ;
 If I your ugly fiz had seen,
 So great a fool I ne'er had been ;
 To think your *name* alone could woo,
 A single prize in Garner's loo ;
 But now your *master's* name I'll take,
 And when the sweepstakes box I shake ;
 Both Fanny B. and H. E. C.
 Their future luck must yield to me.

TO MR. GARNER.

DEAR SIR,

As 'tis nearly the end of the season,
 I hope that to night you will listen to reason ;
 Here night after night I've appeared in your ranks,
 But night after night have had nothing but blanks ;

To your fair smiling audience tho' this may seem
 funny,

I am really quite tired of losing my money.

Indeed, my good friend, I must frankly declare,

I am deeply in debt, and I'm deep in despair,

I'm in debt to your opposite neighbour for cakes,

I owe Mr. Peete for three pounds of beef steaks :

Mr. Jarvis for curing my cholera morbus,

I owe Mrs. Hubbard for washing my corpus.

'Tis true I have credit with Hubbard and Jarvey,

But cash I must have for my passage with Harvey :*

So, there's a good soul, turn a prize up for me,

And I'll drink your good health in a bumper with
 three.

S.

PARODY.

“ Dr. Faustus.”

MR. GARNER was a good man,

He gave me prizes now and then,

When he drew them he made me hop,

Out of the library into the shop,

Out of the shop into the Dane,

Then to the library back again.

* At that time Captain of the Favourite, steam vessel.

PARODY.

“ I'll Sing a Song of Sixpence.”

I'LL risk another shilling, I've a pocket full of chink,
Two and fifty little cards deserve as much I think ;
For when they all are dealing, and prizes briskly come,
O, what a dainty sight to send me laughing home.

My father's in the parlour, his night cap on his head,
My mother's in her chamber just getting into bed ;
But I'm at Mr. Garner's, showing off my clothes,
I hope she won't look *black* at me, and snap off my nose.

PARODY.

“ Jack and Jill went up the Hill.”

JACK and Jill, went up Dane Hill,
And both were fond of laughter,
Away Jack flew to hear the loo,
And Jill came scampering after.

PARODY.

THERE was a man of Kentish Town,
And he was wond'rous wise,
He jump'd in here, and quick sat down,
In hopes to get a prize ;

And when he heard the prize come out,
 With all his might and main,
 He jump'd and said, " Beyond a doubt,
 I'll now put in again."

FRIEND, Garner, thy life has been passed in a riot,
 And 'tis time thy old bones were reposing in quiet ;
 But, alas ! every night as Old Time wheels his course,
 Thou must bellow out sweepstakes until thou art hoarse :
 And with pleasure we see, as long as thou art able,
 Thou must still deal the cards at thy baize cover'd table ;
 But thou reck'st not of age while thy friends prove so kind,
 And thy house stands secure from the sea and the wind ;
 Let us hope before long, that a plenty thou'lt save,
 To smooth the rough path that leads down to the grave ;
 Then lay by in clover and buy a new wig,
 And strut on the pier and drive in thy gig,
 And visit the rooms and look wond'rous big ;
 And now in return for these best of all wishes,
 Pray draw me a prize 'mongst the loaves and the fishes.

*The following Lines were written when Mr. Garner
 was removed higher in the Street, after his House
 was destroyed by a Storm.*

" THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
 (Thus Shakespeare wrote---and he could use his pen)

Which taken at the flood leads on to good ;”
 But Fortune’s tide may sometimes run too high,
 So Garner thought---so thought his library,
 When carried up to High Street by the flood.

Since then by Fortune he’s removed thus higher,
 Why should not we to Fortune too be nigher,
 As nightly thus at loo, his room we cram ;
 For if allowed that none amidst the waves,
 Stand half so good a chance for life, as *knaves*,
 No doubt he safely Garner’d up the *Pam*.

INVOCATION TO PAM.

Now we form the magic ring,
 Now thy joys, O Pam, we sing ;
 Round the table we all sit,
 List’ning to the flow of wit,
 That thy wond’rous name inspires,
 For thou, dear knave, bind’st our desires ;
 Come then, little elfin sprite,
 Visit this number here to-night ;
 But if that’s too great a thing,
 I pr’ythee send an ace or king.

A PETITION.

To Pam’s nightly meeting,
 The petitioner sends greeting,

That for once in the season,
 He will listen to reason ;
 And though courted in rhyme,
 For the five hundredth time,
 He will deign to be kind ;
 And though Fortune is blind,
 Just uncover her eyes,
 To deal merit a prize,
 And as in duty bound to do,
 The petitioner shall ever

PLAY AT LOO.

PARODY.

“ Last Night the Dogs did Bark.”

To-NIGHT with fresh supplies,
 I'm come in your loo to be ;
 And many a lass had a prize,
 But nothing but blanks for me ;
 And it's, O dear ! what will become of me ?
 O, dear ! what shall I do ?
 I've scarce any cash to take home with me,
 Its all gone at single card loo.

My father says, “ Loo is a sham ;”
 My mother says, “ No such thing ;”
 And tho' I had rather have Pam,
 I'll put up with an ace or a king ;

For else, ah ! what will become of me ?
 Garner ! what shall I do ?
 Give me a prize to take home with me,
 And success to your single card loo.

PARODY.

THE table's set, the candles snuff'd,
 And Garner's room's completely stuff'd
 With tribes of anxious faces ;
 Boys, girls, old dads, and mothers too,
 Expecting from the darling loo,
 Pams, kings, queens, knaves, and aces.

Spoken ---How d'ye do?---Oh, its monstrous hot---
 when will he begin?---I longs to know my fate---I had
 a prize last night ;---had ye---why what are you?---Oh,
 I'm the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill.

Now Garner shuffles with a crack,
 " Pray, ma'am, will you?" " I've not the knack,
 That lady, sir, will do it."
 " No, Betsy, don't," says Mr. Snuffle,
 " For if you either cut or shuffle,
 We certainly shall rue it."

Spoken.---Vy, sir---only to think it---she shuffled
 t'other night, and out of six chances, I haddent not von

prize.---Indeed!---Pray what were you put down?---
 Norwal, sir.---My name is Norwal, upon Oborn-ill my
 father keeps a shop.

Hem! Number one begins the fun,
 A prize!---of luck you've such a run,
 You're worse than pretty Sally!
 I wow I tries and tries each night,
 Lump, stump, and crump, yet still, in spite,
 Fortune disdains to rally.

Spoken.---Vell, positively, if this is not Pam, I von't
 try no more, not upon no account, though I do think
 one knave ought to stand by another.

Bankrupt in luck and near undone,
 Rather than quit this nightly fun,
 Tag stakes his only shilling:
 Great Pam---'tis he---that slippery knave,
 Can only now my bacon save,
 If not to hang or drown I'm willing.

PARODY.

“ *O thou art all to me, Love.*”

THE tabby cat who guards my house,
 Loves not to dart on careless mouse,
 As I delight in thee, Pam;

The truant freed from school's control,
 Loves not his treacle and his roll,
 As I delight in thee, Pam ;
 O thou art all to me, Pam ;
 All that's worth obtaining,
 The rooms, the sea,
 Are nought to me,
 Unless thy smiles I'm gaining.

PETITION.

I'm a poor little bard whose fate's very hard,
 Tho' in station I live very high ;
 My body is fixt, that medium betwixt,
 A four pair of stairs and the sky.
 I've heard people say, every dog has his day,
 And at Margate they often get two, sir ;
 With Garner so funny, they put in their money,
 For a prize in the three shilling loo, sir.

I ever am willing, to sport an odd shilling,
 While pleasure and profit's in view, sir ;
 If money I lack, I dare not go back,
 And my last shilling's now in the loo, sir ;
 Then Fortune be kind altho' you are blind,
 Give ear to my sorrowful sighs ;
 All sorts of evil I'll brave, so be civil,
 And send me now back with a prize.

SOLICITATION.

IN vain I've try'd, in vain essay'd,
 To gain a prize for my fair maid,
 To deck her lovely form ;
 The muse, alas ! her power has try'd,
 Fate still her efforts have defy'd,
 And rais'd the adverse storm.

O Garner, grant me then one prize,
 'Tis for a fair whose sparkling eyes
 Will twinkle forth her joy ;
 Will think of you the live-long day,
 While here at Margate she doth stay,
 Thou fickle, gay old boy.

 MARGATE.

THIS Margate is sure a most wonderful place,
 And many a man's in a wonderful case ;
 We have wonderful loos and wonderful verses,
 Wonderful loves and wonderful crosses ;
 Most wonderful ladies, of wonderful size,
 With wonderful tongues and wonderful eyes ;
 Of wonderful donkies we've wonderful plenty,
 And some of our pockets are wonderful empty :
 Save your's, Mr. Garner, with pockets so long,
 And they, I must think---should be wonderful strong.

AIR.

“ *Won't you come, Mr. Mug?*”

By trade I am a baker, and I'm come to play at loo,
For I think it very right to do as other people do :
I met some friends who told me, that your loo was all a
sham,

But other friends have coax'd me here, so here I wait
for Pam ;

Saying won't you, won't you, won't you,
won't you come, Mr. Pam ; won't you come,
Mr. Pam ?

My pocket is but light, which I think will hardly do,
To keep me long at Margate, or keep me long at loo :
So only let me get a prize before my money's flown,
I'll bid good-bye to Garner's shop, and go back to my
own ;

So will you, will you, will you, will you come,
Mr. Pam ? will you come, Mr. Pam ?

 INVOCATION.

OH ! goddess capricious,
At length be propitious,
And hear thy young votary's prayer !
Let Garner still smiling,
To please all still toiling,
Of thy favours dispense us a share.

Whilst in Garner's gay round
 Fortune often is found,
 Her favours unlook'd for to bring ;
 I'll e'en join in the chace,
 In this lively place,
 Nor despair of the Pam, ace, or king.

" PRAY, sir---what is this Garner's one card loo,
 'Bout which we've heard so much ado ?"
 " Vy, ma'am, you see, you pays a shilling first,
 Then writes a funny name, or makes a werse
 Just opposite to sitch a number---then
 You calls again at night, 'twixt nine and ten,
 To see if you has blank, king, Pam, or ace,
 One or the other's sure to be the case ;
 And if you vins, you has it out in things
 Treble the value that the prizes brings,
 And laughs at all the other folks you know,
 But if you loses---vy they laugh at you."

THIS town's full of odd *fish*, I tell you no story,
 To begin with myself, I'm an old *Jonny Dory*,
 The *shrimps* stand for dandies, the *haddocks* for waiters,
 The porters are *pikes*, most unsatisfied creatures ;
 The tabbies are *thornbacks*, the married are *turtle*,
 The *fry* of young ladies forget not to flirt well.

Here's a beef-eating cit, rolls about like a *porpus*,
 And Lincoln's Inn *sharks* with their Habeas Corpus ;
 Many *slippery* fish we have here too, and really
 One may meet with a few who are horribly *scaly*.
 Here are *crocodiles* too, to tempt the young greenhorn,
 And make him deplore that e'er he had been born ;
 Of *sharks* on the quivive a dozen or more,
 And of sweet smiling *maids* about half a score ;
 In love with the dear *soles*, believe me I grow,
 Three or four of the fairest I've just in my eye now.
 Here are *crabs* out of number, they are usually old fish,
 And *lobsters* on half pay looking out for the *gold fish* ;
 Of them we've but few, 'tis known very well,
 I have seen only one and she's *sanspareil* ;
 'Tis pleasant to see the youths all admiring,
 At Hubbard's snug room the sweet singing *syren* ;
 The author's a lean fish, a *herring* in sable,
 He's sure to be seen, *swimming* round the loo table ;
 But with all its odd fish, he is charm'd with the place, sirs,
 And would like it still more should his card prove an
 ace, sirs,
 And if any one here take his satire in dudgeon,
 He'll boldly stand forth and dub him a *gudgeon*.

" THAT all the world's a stage," our bard declares,
 " And all the men and women merely players ;"
 For even here from youth to reverend age,
 We see a little acting off the stage :

Men and their wives who fain would business drop,
 Eager to hide, but cannot sink the shop,
 Come here and act their part from Fortune's mart,
 Lab'ring at ease, but nature's above art.

Says Mrs. Brisket, to her bulky spouse,
 "Now, Ned, I'll not agree to leave this house,
 Unless you'll promise not to mention trade."
 "Indeed," says Ned, "I'm very much afraid
 I shall forget."---"But surely you can try, sir;
 And don't call me plain Bet---but dear Eliza."
 At once arriv'd, henceforth they make a sally,
 Glit'ring in all the pomp of Cranbourn Alley;
 A green silk petticoat, and over that,
 A blue pelisse, and yellow beaver hat.
 Soon they're invited out,---"Ma'am, I insist,
 A cup of tea and a snug game of whist."
 The tea withdrawn, and all at cards are set,
 Ma'am Brisket calls to hubby in a pet;
 "Don't scrouge the lady, Ned."---"Me! I don't touch
 her."
 "Did you, sir, make the cards?"---"No, sir! I'm a
 butcher."
 "A butcher! oh! that joke I understand,
 You mean, because you'll soon cut up my hand;
 Well, that's quite droll, but to prevent mistakes,
 What do we play for? pray, sir, what are stakes?"
 Ned not seeing that his dear wife frown'd,
 Says,---"I sells the best rump, fourteen pence a pound."

WELL, Garner ! old friend ! how do you do ?
 And how goes on your fascinating loo ?
 'Tis twenty long years since henceforth I went,
 And for foreign climes sail'd from the white cliffs of Kent,
 And still art thou toiling and lab'ring in trade,
 While hundreds around thee their fortunes have made :
 But cheer up, my old boy, and let this be your text,
 What I lose in this world may I gain in the next.

Now, Garner, with thy look of ease,
 (A look that every one must please)
 Around thee turn thine eyes ;
 Select the fairest of the fair,
 And tell her what I do not dare,
 She is the girl I prize.

That 'tis for her I play at loo,
 For her I any thing would do,
 She is the Pam I claim ;
 Grant me that prize and I will strait
 Present you with a piece of plate,
 Elizabeth's her name.

WHEN Dean Swift wished that he had clear
 For life, three hundred pounds a year,
 He neither knew or could presage
 The expense of this expensive age ;
 At Margate that would scarcely do
 To pay for lodgings, dice, and loo.

You quizzical man for once give me Pam,
 Or off goes your jazey, outright ;
 I'll expose your bare pate, to Jane, Sue, and Kate,
 And join in the laugh at the sight.

MRS. SLENDER, a lady whose waist's three feet round,
 Declar'd on her word and her honour ;
 That this famed one card loo, had cost her a pound,
 Which I think you must own's hard upon her.

But *flesh* is the loss Mrs. Slender sustains,
 For here every night she would cram ;
 And whether it hails, or whether it rains,
 She must have a sight of Pam, Pam.

T'other night 'twas so hot, that poor Mrs. Slender,
 Ever since been confined to her bed ;
 For as she entered her room she fell down on the fender,
 And sever'd near body from head.

Mrs. S. bid me come and choose number eight,
 Herself being confined per disaster ;
 And she hopes for a prize she'll not be too late,
 For she cannot get well any faster.

She thinks you the doctor and her shilling the fee,
 And the physic she wants most is a prize ;
 Then let us the face of Mister Pam see,
 Or ace, king, or queen glad our eyes.

SINCE hobby's the rage,
 From the boy to the sage,
 Without them sure none can be wise ;
 So the hobby I choose,
 Is to put in the loos,
 And perchance I may get a good prize.

There's the hobby reform,
 Which our patriots adorn,
 And make Smithfield market to ring ;
 But the hobby I choose,
 Is to throw in the loos,
 And perhaps get a prize with the king

There's the hobby of bathing,
 And banks that are saving,
 And walking the pier with a grace ;
 But the hobby I choose,
 Is to write for the loos
 And gain a good prize with an ace.

There's the steam hobby too,
 Which you know is quite new,
 That rocks you like babes in a cradle ;
 But sooner I'd choose,
 To put in the loos,
 And get the club Pam if I'm able.

THOU little dispenser of prizes and blanks,
 Prime agent to Fortune, that blind fickle jade,
 Who often has played me such terrible pranks,
 To address her again I am almost afraid ;
 So to you, little man, a votary now bends,
 And *modestly* prays the best gift in your casket,
 And if you refuse, her devotion here ends,
 She'll never again pay a shilling to ask it.

MRS. BRISKET, O dear, has just come in the pier,
 With spousy, six children, and maid ;
 Who all being ill, wanted ship to stand still,
 And wait 'till their qualms were allay'd.

“ My dear Mr. B—— I'll no more come by sea,
 As now I have got safe on dry land ;
 For all the *rough rides* in our *cart* with the *hides*,
 An't so bad as the *sail* to this island.”

“ We’re safe now, dear life,” says B. to his wife,
 “ So let’s make the most of our pleasure,
 Then away let us hop, to Garner’s loo shop”—
 Says she, “ So we will dearest treasure.”

“ Pray, sir, will you make one in a SWEEPSTAKE,
 If you win, you’ll have six chances more ?”
 “ I declare and I *wow*, that I never ’till now,
 Heard a STEAK called by THAT *name before*.”

Mr. Garner explained---Mrs. B. her voice strain’d,
 “ Sink the shop, Ned, I’m quite in a fright ;
 We prefer, Mr. G., to take number three,
 In the two shilling loo of this night.

“ Come let’s our fate know, before Ned and I go,
 Whether we’ve got blank or prize,
 And I hope Pam or ace, will just show their face,
 Or king, queen, or knave glad our eyes.”

ONCE or twice sick by the hoy coming down,
 Once or twice grumbling for paying a crown,
 Once or twice bathing to pickle their heads,
 Once or twice changing horses and beds,
 Once or twice running to libraries certain,
 Once or twice crying behind the curtain,
 Once or twice going to fam’d Dandelion,
 Once or twice asking what I might rely on,

Once or twice at the assemblies I have been seen,
 Once or twice on the ocean a sailing I've been,
 Once or twice to the play I went to be sure,
 Once or twice o'er to Ramsgate with looks quite demure;
 Now I've lost all my money to town I must go,
 And no more at card loo will I e'er take a throw.

WHEN first to Margate I did come,
 I really wish'd for prizes some;
 I panted, puff'd, and long'd for Pam,
 As I have oft for beef and ham.

To say that Pam was deaf to me,
 Would wrong him much as well as thee;
 He has been kind, and prizes given,
 But I from Margate now am driven.

But 'ere I leave, once more I try,
 And for him once again will sigh;
 O! *Garner, Pam* and *Fortune* too,
 Give me *good-luck* and then ADIEU.

OH, who would not come,
 Amid the busy hum,
 Of the raffle and the loo,
 And of pray, how came you?
 Oh! I came by the steam,
 Ah, so it should seem,

For you look rather warm,
 Yes there's been such a storm.
 I was——do, sir, I pray,
 Pop down Mrs. A.
 We came so quick along,
 Have you seen the new song ?
 Oh ! there's my aunt Bridget,
 Lauk, here's Mr. Fidget ;
 Come let's throw the dice,
 I shall win in a trice :
 Then, dear Mr. Garner,
 Here's my friend Mrs. Warner ;
 Then the bow and curtsy,
 That from Gravesend to Chertsey ;
 There is not such delight,
 To be found every night,
 As in the room where we are ;
 Now do pray, dear papa,
 Only let me try again,
 I'm sure I shall win.
 Pshaw it's all stuff,
 You've tried long enough ;
 Well, well, before we go,
 You shall have another throw.
 There ! I told you I should win,
 Oh ! you're a winning little thing.
 Amid all this prattle,
 We hear the dice rattle ;
 On what number will you fix,
 I will have number six ;

Well then for fun,
 I'll take number one.
 Thus time passes on,
 And our cares are all flown;
 And Mr. Garner can truly say,
 Oh, what sight now charms my eyes,
 Such lovely belles and beaux;
 The last are like the tulips gay,
 The former like the rose.

PARODY.

“ *The Erl King.* ”

Who is it that deals out the prizes so fast,
 While crowds flock around him and sweepstakes are
 cast?

It is Garner, who holds the dear cards in his hand,
 And smiling young people expectingly stand.
 Why trembles that lady, why shrinks she with fear?

O, Garner! O, Garner! no prizes are near;
 I long for a king, be his beard black or white,
 And I tremble for fear he'll not bless me to night.

O, Garner! O, Garner! and dost thou not see,
 For me and my daughter no prizes there be?
 O hush thee, dear ma'am, set thy bosom at ease,
 And let's have no murmuring, miss, if you please.

O, Garner! O, Garner! our number is near,
 For me and my daughter no prizes, I fear;

O hush thee, dear ma'am, chace the frown from thy
 face,
 If the card *is a six*, I can't make it an ace.
 Then Garner he shuffled, he dealt on with speed,
 And kings, queens, and knaves came out briskly indeed,
 And when he arrived at his card fifty-two,
 He said to his hearers, fair ladies, adieu.

PARODY.

“Glorious Apollo.”

BLACK bearded Neptune* from on high beheld us,
 Entering the temple of merriment and loo ;
 Sent kings and aces hither to cheer us,
 While we our chances in sweepstakes pursuc.
 Thus then combining, hand and pocket joining,
 Long may continue our merriment and loo.

Here ev'ry lib'ral sentiment awaking,
 Prizes inspiring ecstasy and glee ;
 Shillings and trinkets giving and partaking,
 Mirth and good humour all around I see.
 Thus then combining, hand and pocket joining,
 Long may continue your merriment with me.

* Side of Mr. Garner's house.

EPIGRAM.

Says Bonny to Johnny, " I'm coming to Dover."

Says Johnny to Bonny, " That's doubted by some."

Says Bonny, " But what if I really come over?"

Says Johnny to Bonny, " You'll be over-come."

VICTORIOUS knave,
 My bacon save,
 Come quickly show your face ;
 Or if not now,
 At least allow,
 My card to be an ace.

Gigantic Jack,
 Of all the pack,
 You are my heart's desire ;
 Then now arise,
 And glad my eyes,
 Or dread my vengeance dire.

All glorious Pam,
 Come never sham,
 But spring forth to the light ;
 Or else I loose,
 Full all the loos,
 Which I have here to night.

PARODY.

“ *The Blue Bell of Scotland.* ”

O WHERE, and O where, does Mr. Garner dwell ?
He dwells in merry Margate to the joy of beau and belle ;
And it's O, in my heart, I hope he may do well.

O what, and O what, does Mr. Garner do ?
He diverts the pretty ladies with a merry game at loo ;
And it's O, in my heart, I should like to make one too.

O how, and O how, does Mr. Garner play ?
Why he gives us all a prize, if blanks come not in the
way ;
And it's O, in my heart, I should like, mama, to play.

Suppose, and suppose, Mr. Garner gives me Pam,
Why I'll shake my merry sides, to show how I can ;
And it's O, bless your heart, Mr. Garner, give me Pam.

IF a man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies ;
It proves for certain, he would rather,
Have a turnip than his father.

PARODY.

“ *All’s Well.*”

DESERTED by kind fate, (and worse)
 When debts proclaim an empty purse ;
 On Dane Hill, Fort, or on the Pier,
 I seek for Hope my heart to cheer.
 Then should some friend to Garner’s lead,
 My nerves are braced, new hopes succeed ;
 What cheer, Garner, quickly show,
 Have I prize ? say yes, or no :
 No prizes, bless my heart ! not one ?
 Above, below, good night, all’s gone.

 PARODY.

“ *Had I a Heart.*”

HAD I a purse with riches stored,
 I’d often come to you ;
 Yet though I cannot much afford,
 My heart delights in loo.

The favors here that nightly fall,
 In prizes from your tongue ;
 The bosoms of the ag’d enthral,
 And purses of the young.

WELLINGTON.

ON Waterloo plains, he *loo'd* the whole *pack*,
 And made each foe to turn his back ;
 But here, alas ! his *loo*, like *water*,
 Is sorely *troubled* in every quarter,
 A thousand foes, each foe a slave,
 To an ugly little paltry *knave* ;
 To gain his favour, they spend their *cash*,
 In hopes with Fortune to cut a dash ;
 But to *England's* hero, they're not e'en civil,
 I've heard them wish him to the devil !
 If chance should dub him, a *crowless* king,
 You'll hear it whisper'd in the ring,
 " Oh, dear ! how lucky---pray who is *he* ?"
 " Oh, he *was Napoleon*," says Fanny B.
 An ace would certainly extort,
 An envious smile from *tall* Bob Short ;
 A queen, from " *Steamboat*," would extract a sneer,
 " I wish him in the boiler," says *Engineer* ;
 And if a knave should chance to follow,
 " Et tu Brute," would Brutus holla ;
 A ten, or e'en a smaller share,
 Would make that *wicked* Willy swear,
 Such luck, he never yet did see ;
 " Oh ! damn his luck," says H. E. C.
 In short, at every single throw,
 He's sure to meet some deadly foe ;

The only friend he now will court,
 (Or sure as fate, give up the sport)
 Shall be old Garner, (who gives him pluck)
 With "Indeed, sir, you're quite out of luck."
 Who while with smiles he thus bewitches,
 Will make the male sex, pawn their —————
 Beg pardon, ladies, for being so plain,
 Forgive me! I'll not say so again;
 E'en *Miss Taken*, in her Fortune shaken,
 Will no doubt find herself *Miss Taken*;
 But if my rhyme, ye wish to cram,
 Down my own throat, pray turn up Pam,
 As quiet as a mouse I'll be,
 And on Friday morning put out to sea,
 Return to the counter (with many a tear),
 In my fav'rite foe, the Engineer;
 To Garner, Fanny, Gil Blas, and Q.,
 Including Sam, Pam, Clarke, and loo,
 And bid them all a long adieu.

My name is Delaney, of Connaught I am,
 And came here to Margate to find Mr. Pam;
 And being a nate dashing tight Irish boy,
 I set off in my new fashioned barouch—the hoy;
 But all of my labour in vain I'm afraid is,
 For like all other men—Pam runs after the ladies.

DOROTHY DOWDY.

My shilling I send,
 May Pam it attend,
 And yet should he not be so civil ;
 Let an ace stand my friend,
 Or a king his aid lend,
 Why then Pam may go to the devil.

PARODY.

“ *Heigho says Rowley.*”

Two ladies came to throw at loo ;
 Low bow'd friend Garner,
 “ I hope you are well, madam? Miss, how d'ye do ?”
 Then he handed the dice and the sweepstakes they threw,
 With three times four,
 And sixteen more,
 “ A capital throw !” said Garner.

The sweepstakes won, what was to be done ?
 “ Now, ma'am,” says Garner,
 “ You've *one* in the *three*, and *three* in the *one*,
 You'll have plenty of prizes, and plenty of fun ;
 For simpering, whimpering,
 Rattling, prattling,
 All come round,” says Garner.

And when he came the cards to draw,
 "Cut, ma'am," says Garner,
 "Here's an ace, and a king, and a queen, good law!
 And as fine a Pam as ever you saw,
 With their jerking, smirking,
 Pattering, chattering,
 Uncommon luck," says Garner.

CRIES Dick, one morn, (whose ear was over nice)
 "I cannot bear that stunning noisy pair o' dice."
 Cried I, "'Tis from that *pair o' dice* proceed,
 This lovely group---a *Paradise* indeed."

OR,

Cried Ben, unsoftened by the young and fair,
 "That little *pair o' dice* I cannot bear."
 "For shame!" cried I, "'tis those that here entice,
 What seems, indeed, a *little Paradise*."

OR,

"Heav'ns!" cries Sir John, (whose ear was over nice)
 "I cannot bear to hear the morning dice."
 "O fie, Sir John!" cried I,
 "To that I must reply,
 The *morning pair o' dice* procures, 'tis true,
 The *evening Paradise* which here we view."

PARODY.

“ Time has not thin’d my flowing Hair.”

PAM has not fill’d my flowing purse,
 Nor bless’d me with a silver crown ;
 Ah ! why so late ? why use me thus ?
 Till autumn points the road to town.

Let me enjoy the cheerful play,
 Till many a prize my gains repeat ;
 Pleas’d let me trifles take away,
 For those I love in Tooley Street.

 PARODY.

“ O, Lady fair.”

O GENTLE Pam ! where is he lying ?
 Hopeless I am, yet would be trying ;
 Stranger I come, up Boughton mountain,
 And his sweet gains I’d fain be counting ;
 Chill falls the card, unless ’tis his’n,
 Dreary and dark’s the way to prison.

 PARODY.

“ The Canadian Boat Song.”

NIGHTLY as tempts the ev’ning loo,
 Our bosoms beat high, and our hopes renew ;

But when of cash the tide is low,
 We sigh out adieu, and away we go ;
 Deal Garner, deal, the time flies fast,
 The prizes are near, and my hope's not past.

PARODY.

“ How Happy could I be with either.”

How happy could I be with either,
 A Pam, or a king, or an ace ;
 But while you present me with neither,
 Why sorrow must wrinkle my face.

I sigh, and I cry, and look sulky,
 While still kept unfavor'd by all ;
 But give me a prize that is bulky,
 And then I'll sing, tol de rol lol.

PARODY.

“ O, ponder well.”

O PONDER well, friend Garner, pray,
 And save my credit here ;
 For on a prize depends my stay,
 Or coming down next year.

MR. GARNER,

SIR,

I have been in this here town more than a week or better, and have been in your shop every day, and every night, and I do like it monstrously, that I do; there is such raffling, such looing, such joking, and such poetry reading, that I shall be as glum as a fog in December when father's letter comes to call me home, to that nasty vile shop in Pudding Lane; oh! how I hates that stinking city. I wish (as the man says in the play) I wish the Papishes would burn it all down again, but now, my dear sir, as I have not long to stop in this here dear delightful place, pray do give me summat to take home to dad, if its only a livory backey stopper, for the old gentleman dearly loves his pipe of an arternoon; so if you please I send three shillings, with this here Billy Ducks, and hope you will let me have a little prize, Pam, or any thing, I am agreeable: my friend is just come in, and says I ought to have writted some po-e-try, and I'll try what I can do, so here goes for one of my Jew de spirits as the French calls em, but its quite extrumpery, and you must hexcuse my mews, the rime and all that there sort of thing.

You must know that our maid's name is Sally Crumpling, and she makes wery good dumplings, so one day as she was a bringing up the said dumplings, she kicked her foot some how or other and down they went

dish and all, I'm dish'd if they didn't; father was terrible angry, that's certain: so arter dinner I went to my bed room, and I was not more than six hours a writing the following worses.

Oh, Sally dear, my charmer sweet,
 Why don't you stand upon your feet;
 For if you don't, oh Sally Crumpling,
 All over sand you'll make our dumpling;
 And every day if thus you treat it,
 How the devil are we to eat it.

And so no more this time,

From yours,

SAMMY PIPKIN.

Of Pipkin Lodge, Cambridge.

PARODY.

“ *O, then dearest Ellen.*”

WHEN snowballs in summer their gambols displaying,
 Shall dance a quadrille on your library floor;
 Or when single card loo shall no longer be playing,
 O then, Mr. Garner, I'll venture no more.

Till mirth and good-humour you love so to cherish,
 From Margate shall fly, its attraction be o'er;
 Till the sea, the machines, nay, till Margate shall perish,
 I'll not say, friend Garner, I'll venture no more.

NOT music's soothing power,
 Nor Philomela's note,
 When at the evening hour,
 She swells her warbling throat ;
 Nor all those charms together,
 Can greater bliss afford,
 Than when we hear from Garner,
 That charming little word,

PAM.

PARODY,

“ Oh slumber, my Darling.”

O GARNER, my darling, don't slumber to-night,
 But let a rich prize bless my ears and my sight ;
 Of the kings, and the queens, and the aces I see,
 Sure *one* must belong, Mr. Garner, to me.
 Then bless me, sir, bless me, sir, so anxious I am ;
 O, rest not, my darling, till you give me Pam.

MR. GARNER, you terrible Turk,
 You've cut out a fine piece of work ;
 The money which ought to have paid,
 My poor tailor's bill, I'm afraid
 Is all gone at single-card loo ;
 My *good* fellow ! what shall I do ?
 Now, bless your four * good looking eyes,
 Turn, oh turn me up your best prize.

* Mr. Garner wore glasses.

PARODY.

“ *Boys and Girls come out to Play.*”

KINGS and queens, come out, I pray,
 And knaves that shine as bright as they ;
 Come, Mr. Pam, come out when I call,
 Come this ev'ning, or not at all ;
 I lose my supper and lose my nap,
 And at last, I may not get a prize, *mayhap.*

 THE WHITE RAG.

THERE was once a white rag,
 That was found in a bag.
 And sold to a Jew,
 (Whom nobody knew ;))
 In the form of a shirt,
 But torn and in dirt :
 Worn out by a poet,
 It's tatters well show it.
 And from the hard drill,
 It went to the mill ;
 That was turned by the stream,
 And came out a fair ream ;
 To the bank that was sold,
 From a note turn'd to gold ;
 Which went in supplies,
 To aid our allies :

To conquer the foe,
 As all of us know,
 Where at fam'd Waterloo,
 They met with their due ;
 Which brought us the peace,
 That by right should release,
 From each burthen and tax,
 That were laid on our backs.
 Thus an old piece of cotton,
 Torn, ragged, and rotten ;
 May to the last thread
 Supply us with bread :
 In this chemical age,
 Turn out a fair page ;
 And with aid of a quill,
 May make what you will.
 Perhaps presented to your view,
 Might form a scheme for Garner's loo ;
 Or decked in robes of diff'rent dyes,
 Might start up *Pam* before your eyes.
 Or studded with some precious ace,
 Might draw down smiles from beauty's face ,
 Or as a draft in bounty sent,
 Might help to pay old Garner's rent ;
 Or in this scrap might prove convenient,
 To express myself your most obedient,

TIMOTHY SHORT METRE.

PARODY.

“ Said a Smile to a Tear.”

SAYS a Card to some Dice,
 Rang'd in order so nice,
 On Garner's fam'd magical board ;
 “ I grieve, little Dice,
 Before me you're the choice,
 Of the hero, the statesman, and lord.”

Says the Dice to the Card,
 “ We think it is hard,
 To forfeit the smiles of the fair ;
 But the table they grace,
 Gives you greatest space,
 And you are the fav'rite there.”

Says the Card to the Dice,
 “ I perceive in a trice,
 We're twins, and Dame Fortune's our mother ;
 Then let jealousy cease,
 While united in peace,
 We live the support of each other.”

Says the Dice to the Card,
 “ We the prize will award,
 In the game that makes so much ado ;
 On the board we will dance,
 And be thrown for a chance,
 To the fair who would gain you at loo.”

Says the Card to the Dice
 " I approve your advice,
 And we'll claim our friend Garner's assistance ;
 And certain I am,
 While your name it is Pam,
 Miss Fortune will keep at a distance."

PARODY.

" *Said a Smile to a Tear.*"

SAYS a Bird to a Bee, as they flew round a tree,
 " It's strange we are both here together."
 Says the Bee to the Bird, " It's not so absurd,
 Being shelter'd from all kinds of weather."

Says the Bird to the Bee, " Let's at Garner's go see,
 If we can't get *one* prize in his loo."
 Says the Bee to the Bird, " I think on my word,
 When about it we'd better have *two*."

" I vow," says the Bee, " if he gives Pam to me,
 I'll ne'er use my sting on his face."
 " And I'll sing," says the Bird, " such notes he ne'er
 heard,
 If he turns to my number an ace."

" Then turn up the card," says the Bee and the Bird,
 " And our fate e'er we fly let us hear,
 As we pass thro' the air if a prize we declare,
 We'll hum a sweet tune without fear."

PARODY.

“ Said a Smile to a Tear.”

SAYS a Bug to a Flea, “ There’s a Bird and a Bee,
In Garner’s fam’d loo ’ve put their name.”

“ Then I think,” says the Flea, “ between you and me,
That we will, my friend Bug, do the same.”

“ I vow,” says the Bug, “ when I leave the warm rug,
If he turns up a blank to our number,
That both you and me, my worthy friend Flea,
We’ll this night deprive him of slumber.”

Says the Bug to the Flea, “ We’ll not let him see,
For his eyes we’ll most certainly close,
If he dares to our face, refuse us an ace,
To quiet this night our repose.”

“ Turn the card, Mr. G.,” says the saucy young Flea,
“ And our fate e’re you sleep let us know,
And beware the sharp bite we’ll both give you this night,
As our marks in the morning will show.”

*Written on a Gentleman’s having won several Prizes,
who put his Name down as Old Nick.*

MR. GARNER,

On behalf of some friends who frequent your room,
And somehow contrive to sport cash to some tune ;

But of *prizes* so few do fall to their lot,
 They think it must be by some CHARM they are got :
 Did they not know you quite well, they would think it
 by trick,

That so many of late have been got by this Nick ;
 I've heard of nicking at hazard, the fun of the game,
 And of *nicking* a horse—but that's a great shame ;
 But this *nicking* at loo, to get *three Pams* successive,
 Must be surely some *witchcraft*—such luck is excessive ;
 Had you given them among ladies who always attend
 you,

Both I and my friends would most surely defend you ;
 But to this *Old Nick* you are so wond'rous civil,
 It cannot be for love, but for fear of the devil ;
 Now as we all think you have given him prizes enough,
 You'll turn up the next Pam to your old friend,

TOM TOUGH.

MR. GARNER, I trust you will not deem me rude,
 If upon your attention I dare to intrude,
 Whilst expressing my grief and sorrow sincere,
 At quitting this place and its pleasures so dear :
 But the fates have decreed that no longer I stay,
 And to-morrow from Margate I must haste away ;
 But indeed, Mr. Garner, between you and I,
 I think I have very great reason to cry ;
 For with trying every night for a share in the fun,
 I have emptied my purse, but a prize I've not one ;

Now, dear Garner, take pity upon my sad plight,
 And give me, sweet Pam, to console me to-night,
 Oh, then I will thank you, and with joy so sincere,
 Will put into your loo if we come down next year ;
 For indeed though I grieve to say farewell to the pier,
 To the play house, St. Peter's, and all the folks here,
 Yet to none with such sorrow I utter adieu,
 As to dear Mr. G. and his sweet charming loo,
 Where so many evenings I happy have been,
 And so many friends with pleasure have seen ;
 But alas ! they are gone, and like them must I,
 From dear Margate depart with many a sigh,
 Therefore with a thousand good wishes for your happi-
 ness and success to your loo,
 I now take my leave, Mr. Garner---adieu.

IN Margate's gay round what scenes are we viewing,
 Each beau and each belle diff'rent objects pursuing ;
 The morning commences with scrambling for places,
 To yield to the pleasures of Neptune's embraces ;
 After breakfast away they all go with their honies,
 To jumble it down on the donkies or ponies ;
 See the fat Wapping landlady mounted on high,
 Her skill and her judgment determined to try,
 But with her weight to trot, no notion has Ned,
 So just sends her tumbling plump over his head ;
 And as on the sands she lies squalling and bawling,
 To the boy for assistance she loudly is calling,

And declaring that sooner than e're mount again,
 All the days of her life at home she'll remain.
 After which they are off to partake of a meal,
 Of which one might judge much want they must feel,
 As the tables are groaning with all sorts of dishes,
 Which might please even those the most choice in their
 wishes,

From the epicure, glutton, or nice dilitanti,
 To the poor hungry devil with belly so empty.
 From this time till night is engaged by rambling,
 Or losing their money, I don't mean by gambling,
 At Garner's neat shop, or more proper library,
 Where together is mix'd both the cunning and wary;
 Some rattling the dice box, some chatting, some read-
 ing,

And for want of a chance some poverty pleading;
 Discontent in some faces for losing a prize,
 Hope beaming in others as is seen by their eyes,
 While anxious for Garner to confirm their doom,
 With a prize or a blank oft they go to their room,
 And think on their fortune with pleasure or sorrow,
 Determined to follow the same fun to-morrow.

Oh! 'tis painful to think how soon I must quit,
 The beauties and graces so "brilliant and light;"
 The fun and the mirth, and the laugh, and the wit,
 Which abound in this room through every night.

Of the Julias, and Helens, and Rosas of loo,
 Of the Lucys, and Charlottes, and half a score more ;
 At length with sad heart I take my adieu,
 And fly with regret from the scene I adore.

To Margate come to dorf his shirt,
 And wash off all his London dirt ;
 A little, mortal little man,
 Little Peter Pattepan :
 Little face and little nose,
 And his little pettitoes ;
 Little mouth and little chin,
And a little dimple in ;
 Little hat and little cane,
 Little smart and little vain ;
 Little legs and little thighs,
 And his little squinting eyes :
 Little arms and little wrist,
 And his pretty little fist ;
 Little waistcoat little coat,
Little cravat round his throat ;
 Sometimes heaves a little sigh,
 Little more than four feet high ;
 Little like the turtle dove,
 When he makes a little love ;
 Little cupid shoots a dart,
 Little passion warms his heart ;

Vows upon his little knees,
 His little dear he'll ever please;
 And having little else to do,
 He a little plays at little loo;
 Little mortal, little man,
 Little Peter Pattepan.

His subscription now fill'd the poet is willing,
 In a single card loo to venture his shilling;
 And he begs to observe, he'd have done it before,
 But his spirits were low and his purse was still lower.

Do thou then, dear Garner, the poet's best friend,
 For fun or goodwill a helping hand lend;
 And since fortune 'gins smile do show the jades face,
 In the shape so alluring, of knave, king, or ace.

PARODY

“ Othello's Address to the Senate.”

Most potent, grave and reverend Pam,
 Thou very noble and approved good prize,
 That I do wish thee, is most true, true, I'd have thee,
 The very head and front of all my wishes,
 Hath this extent,—no more.

PARODY.

'Tis sweet in crouded hoy with favoring gale,
 From London Bridge to Margate Pier to sail ;
 'Tis sweet to tell to make the cocknies stare,
 The soft sensations we experience there :
 'Tis sweet in Peter's Gardens 'neath a tree,
 To eat hot rolls and swallow scalding tea ;
 'Tis sweet at eve on the sea beach to stray,
 By moonlight pale, and hear a donkey bray ;
 But sweeter far 'midst fashion's motley crew,
 To gain a prize in Garner's one card loo.

AT a whist table in Margate was placed Mrs. Grist,
 Her partner a butcher by trade ;
 She brandish'd the cards in her brawny red fist,
 She enforced with her voice all the mandates of whist,
 Though she scarce knew a club from a spade.

The corpulent lady when nine was the score,
 Won the trick by a fortunate trump ;
 " What are *stakes* ?" she exclaimed with a masculine
 roar,
 The sly *butcher* replied, as he view'd her all o'er,
 " Nice and fat, ma'am, if cut *from the rump.*"

PARODY.

“ Is there a Heart that never lov’d.”

Is there a heart that never lov’d
 At loo a foremost place ?
 Is there an eye can mark unmov’d
 Friend Garner’s smiling face ?
 O bear him quickly back to town,
 ’Mongst cits alone to dwell,
 Where noises rude, politeness drown,
 And softer joys repel.

For there’s a leer in Garner’s face,
 That tells me Pam is near ;
 A king or queen, perhaps an ace,
 And either would be dear.
 And he or she who can resist
 The charms of Garner’s ranks,
 By all the prizes should be miss’d,
 And frown’d on by the blanks.

 PARODY.

“ The Red Cross Knight.”

MOUNT, Garner, mount thy elbow chair,
 And thy card pack raise to view,
 For the ladies are come from a distant land,
 In hope to win at loo.

Loud, loud, friend Garner, blow thy nose,
 And thy cambric wave on high ;
 Let thy voice be clear, and the prize appear,
 And the smiles will come right merrily.

Friend Garner look'd from his chair on high,
 As far as he could see ;
 " I see a fine sight, all of ladies bright,
 From London come to me."
 Then loud did Garner give a hem,
 And laugh'd till he was hoarse,
 " I see a fine sight, all of ladies bright,
 Not one with an empty purse."

Down came of clubs the knave so black,
 To a lady gay the prize,
 And when she saw the beautiful Jack,
 Bright sparkled both her eyes.
 Thou art welcome here, dear lovely Pain,
 To bring of wealth a stock,
 With thy smiles I'm content,
 And thy worth shall be spent,
 To-morrow by ten of the clock.

PARODY.

" *The Little Busy Bee.*"

How doth the little busy man,
 Improve each shining summer !
 And gather shillings all he can,
 From ev'ry gen'rous comer !

How skilfully he reads the while !
 How neat he charms the dames !
 And labors hard to make them smile,
 When the sweet prize he names.

In works of pleasure or of skill,
 Let me be busy too ;
 For Margate finds amusement still,
 For idle hands to do.

In mod'rate prizes won at loo,
 Let my first week be past ;
 'That I may smile as I review
 My cash account at last.

PARODY.

“ *The last Rose of Summer.*”

'Tis my very last shilling,
 Left quaking alone ;
 All its shining companions
 Are squandered and gone.
 No silver nor copper,
 No notes are in store,
 My purse was a *whopper*,
 But is so no more.

PARODY.

“ The Young May Moon.”

THE one card loo invites us, love,
 The thought of Pam delights us, love ;
 If we don't put in,
 We cannot win,
 And the hopes of a prize incites us, love :
 Then do not look so chilling, love,
 I hope you're not unwilling, love ;
 For I think we must have,
 A king, queen, or knave,
 So let us put down our shilling, love.

Here all the world is tripping, love,
 But those at the full moon peeping love ;
 Yet here's a star,
 More tempting far,
 'Tis Pam from the card pack peeping, love ;
 Then stay and enjoy the fun, my love,
 Here stay till the loo is done, my love ;
 If you list to the rules,
 Of silly old fools,
 I shall certainly take you for one, my love.

 PARODY.

“ DRAW away, draw away, there's a good man.”
 “ That I will, madam, as fast as I can.”
 Make 'em and take 'em, an ace, king, and Pam,
 And there'll be enough for me, Betsy, and Sam.

PARODY.

“ *Lovely Nan.*”

SWEET is the milk that in the pail,
Streams our young bosoms to regale,
Sweet, oh sweet is gooseberry jam !
Sweet's a dip in Margate sea,
Sweet (if sugar'd well) is tea,
Or a farmer's pipe, or toper's dram ;
O sweet are young blue Prussian pease,
But O, much sweeter than all these,
Is my delight, my lovely Pam.

GARNER, man of soft persuasion,
Take my part, so poor I am ;
Seize, O seize, this kind occasion,
To revive my heart with Pam.

PARODY.

“ *Home, sweet Home.*”

THE pleasures of palaces are but a sham,
There's no place like Margate, there's no card like Pam;
A charming large prize seems to beckon me there,
Which, seek round the isle, is not met with elsewhere.
Pam, Pam, sweet, sweet Pam,
There's no place like Margate, there's no card like Pam.

An exile from loo, Margate dazzles in vain,
 O give me my shop in West Smithfield again ;
 The calves bleating daily---the drover's loud call,
 The lambs, and the little pigs loudest of all,
 Pam, Pam, sweet, sweet Pam,
 There's no place like Margate, there's no card like Pam.

PARODY.

SE, saw, sacaradoun,
 I'm come in the packet from London town ;
 Her stern went up, and her head went down,
 This isn't the way in London town.
 But cock-a-doodle doo,
 My dame is playing at loo,
 Her master has quitted his fuddling cup,
 Determin'd to have a game too,

PARODY.

“ We're all Nodding.”

AND you're all hoping, hope, hope, hoping,
 And you're all hoping for pretty little Pam,
 And you're all hoping, hope, hope, hoping,
 And you're all hoping for pretty little Pam.
 How's all with ye, Garner, and how do I thrive ?
 And how many chances have I ? Madam, four or five.

And are they all prizes, say ye? Na, na, na,
 For three of them are blanks, and the other is---(turn-
 ing up a card) O la!
 Still you're all hoping, hope, hope, hoping,
 And you're all hoping for pretty little Pam.

PARODY.

GREAT A, little A, bouncing B,
 Pam's in the packet, but not for me, (or if Pam
 turns up,) and O! for me!

PARODY.

PITY the sorrows of a poor young man,
 Whose well fill'd purse has brought him to your
 ranks;
 Whose money will not last do all he can,
 O, give me Pam, and my companions blanks.

PARODY.

“ *Love has Eyes.*”

PAM's here they say, why then delay?
 Can words Pam's worth impart?
 The verse is weak, himself must speak,
 To raise my drooping heart.
 In one bright card what riches shine!
 O yes, believe me, Pam be mine.

PARODY.

“ *Love among the Roses.*”

YOUNG Pam flew to friend Garner's bower,
 To make more sweet the ev'ning hour ;
 With kings, and queens, and knaves, and aces,
 To draw forth smiles on lovely faces.
 The beauties of the Isle of Thanet
 Were there, but Pam was drawn for Nannette.

I OWN though to play I can seldom refuse,
 This is *singular* loo, for the *plural* is *loos*.

PARODY.

“ *Rule Britannia.*”

WHEN one card loo at thy command,
 To cheer thy visitors arose ;
 This was thy table, the table where we stand,
 Thy guardian angels, belles and beaux.
 Draw, friend Garner, draw, kings, and queens, and
 knaves,
 To British ladies, willing slaves.

Though more majestic some may rise,
 None give to wit a happier stroke ;
 And the loud laugh, the laugh that greets the prize,
 Serves well to hail thy frequent joke.

Draw, friend Garner, kings, and queens, and
 knaves,
 For which we come o'er Margate waves.

The ladies all at Margate found,
 Shall to thy crowded desk repair ;
 Dear pack with aces (four aces worth a pound)
 And kings and queens to charm the fair.
 Draw, friend Garner, kings, and queens, and
 knaves,
 To British ladies, willing slaves.

PARODY.

“ WHO comes here ?”
 “ You'll see, my dear.”
 “ What have I got ?”
 “ Not Pam, I fear.”
 “ Where's my money ?”
 “ Safe with me.”
 “ I'll begone then,
 “ Mr. G.”

SINCE now 'tis the mode in these rhymings to shine,
 Mr. Garner be pleased to accept this of mine,
 If the poetry's bad, yet take such as I give,
 Tho' the verses may die---the *goodwill will* live.

WOULD you know of the pleasures that Margate affords,
 Or what can drive people from home by such hordes ;
 I think that it must be allow'd on all hands,
 That novelty's rage most predominant stands ;
 For without it, what soul would come in the packet,
 When above and below they make such a racket ;
 Cramm'd in the hold by doz'ns without number,
 'Midst the fume and the stench of dead and live lumber ;
 Or when landed at Margate, a whole set you surrounds,
 Of waiters, with which this neat town much abounds ;
 Who assure you they'll pay you much care and atten-
 tion,

But of beds and provision the price make no mention :
 And if you would wish to seek out for a lodging ;
 The courts and the alleys you're frequently dodging ;
 Or chancing, perhaps, as you walk up the street,
 You observe on a window " A login to lete,"
 Which, of course, you translate as apartments for hire,
 You think prudent to knock, just the price to enquire ;
 To a garret you're shown, and would you believe it,
 Two guineas per week, if you like---if not, you leave
 it ;

Then to market you go for whatever you wish,
 And most likely your fancy will turn upon fish ;
 You, perhaps, purchase two, or they'll sell you no
 fewer,
 And how nicely they look on the point of a skewer,

As dangling along you go through the street,
 And pop them against the first person you meet :
 If for bracing your system by bathing you're willing,
 For the pleasure afforded you must pay a good shilling ;
 Then head over ears away you go souse,
 'Mongst the dregs that are flowing from ev'ry house :
 Then at night, perhaps, with a friend you're carousing,
 Or in the two shilling loo, your cash you're losing ;
 Quite enough I have had to drive me from hence,
 But assure you 'tis not with a little expense.

MR. TAG, from Grub Street's just come down,
 Ho! ho! says Garner,
 He is a poet of might and renown,
 And in Margate he'll knock all their poetry down,
 With his baggatelle, 'doggerel,
 All for the lucky loo,
 Played off by Mr. Garner.

But now he is come, will he scribble? and when?
 No doubt, says Garner ;
 He has often before, and am sure will again,
 For nonsense flows freely enough from his pen,
 With his voulez vous try the loo,
 Good lucky number too,
 Bang up to Mr. Garner.

Now we attics of Grub Street, are all lean and lank,

True, true, says Garner ;

So pray, Mr. G. to a poet of rank,

Ne'er deal so unjustly, to deal him a blank,

But Pam, with grace, king, or ace,

Queen, with her pretty face,

Give to poor Tag, Mr. Garner.

How pure are the joys that benevolence yields,

Like Sol's cheering beams spread o'er the chill'd fields ;

The wither'd trunk of age his warmth revives,

Fond hope is cherish'd and the dying lives ;

May those who have means their true interest consult,

And Garner's support be the happy result !

May the *oak* that this else *wither'd* ivy has propt,

By the hand of Adversity never be lopt ;

May the *friends* and *befriended* through life ever know,

The most heart-cheering sweets from benevolence flow.

TO-NIGHT of this loo I must take my farewell,

And also of Pam, king, and ace ;

For to London to-morrow, 'tis true what I tell,

In the coach I have taken my place.

To make me remember with much greater glee,

The pleasure that I have felt here ;

I'll thank you to turn up a good prize to me,

And a smile on my face will appear.

I'VE oft tried my luck in your one card loo,
 My blanks have been many, my prizes but few ;
 Tho' now off to town, I still am quite willing,
 To give spruce Mr. Garner, my very last shilling ;
 As my cash is all spent, *this* should be a prize,
 Or poor little Fanny will cry out her eyes ;
 So good Mister Garner attend to my case,
 By just turning up *Pam*, a king, or an ace.

My wife, Mr. Garner, is very ambitious,
 Which makes me, her husband, a little suspicious ;
 She longs !—but you'll say that's not strange in a wife,
 Odds bobs but she longs for a king o' my life !
 Then give her a king to set matters to right,
 And let her be queen if but for one night.

WELL, Mr. Garner, how d'ye do ?
 And how goes on delightful loo ?
 With pocket full of ready cash,
 I'm just come down to make a dash ;
 Your humble servant, here I am,
 Just come to see my old friend Pam ;
 And try to catch the saucy knave,
 Courted alike by gay and grave ;
 You oft have given me a king,
 An ace too is a charming thing.

Give me, oh, give me but a prize !
 'To cheer once more my longing eyes,
 And I will rhyme whene'er I can,
 You dear *good-natured little man*.

CLARA MARIA EVELINA FANCIFUL.

PARODY.

“ *In the Fish Pond of Fortune.* ”

In the fish pond of fortune men angle all ways,
 Some angle for titles, some angle for praise,
 Some angle for riches, some angle for wives,
 And some angle for nought all the days of their lives ;
 In your little pool, Garner, angling I am,
 For a prize call'd an ace, or that pleasing rogue Pam.

ONCE more, Mr. Garner, my muse I invoke,
 Tho' verses for prizes I fear's all a joke ;
 The money I've spent indeed's been immense,
 But if *all* chances were prizes never mind the expense ;
 For all this last week I've had nought but blanks,
 For which you'll allow you deserve not my thanks ;
 But if, Mr. Garner, to-night you are kind,
 And draw out a *Pam* just to please my vain mind,

I'll continue my fortune, nor again I'll despair,
 For to gain ALL the prizes I don't think's quite fair ;
 And should my *ill* stars prove my money *ill* spent,
 I'll pocket th' affront and own I'm content.

GOOD people I think it's all a sham,
 In the pack I don't think there's a Pam,
 But as many here have oft met it,
 'Tis fifty to one *I* do not get it !

O, WHAT shall I say, Mr. Garner ?
 To obtain for my wife, Mr. Pam ?
 She longs for the sweet tempting charmer,
 Then gratify *her* if you can ;
 Or else it may turn out a sad case,
 Should it be, as likely it may be,
 That a knave should be mark'd on the face
 Of our next little innocent baby.

'MID Fashion's varied throng, here nightly cramm'd,
 Crush'd, crowded, squeez'd, squash'd, jolted, jostled,
 jamm'd ;
 Where beau to belle, and belle to beau opposes,
 The war of *elbows* ! and the shock of *noses* !
 When none can tell, (so close the union grown,)
 Which is his *neighbours* seat, and which his *own* !

Those who at *Margate* seek for *health* and *peace*,
 Assemble here like flocks of unfledg'd geese !
 What can induce them to endure this stew ?
 The hopes of *Pam* in *Garner's* one card loo !

LOVERS QUARRELS, OR FORTUNE'S FROLICS.

A Story founded on Fact.

Dame Fortune, to raise discontent,
 And plague mankind, was doubtless sent ;
 For tho' we all were born to trouble,
 She often makes our sorrows double.

A CHARMING maid, her name was Jane,
 Lov'd gallant Charles, who lov'd again ;
 Such strong affection ruled each heart,
 They scarcely could exist apart.
 And in the bliss the truth conveys,
 They long contented pass'd their days ;
 At length, alas ! the maiden's peace,
 Harsh fate ordain'd awhile should cease ;
 And though 'twas not for long duration,
 The cause is worthy of narration.

At Margate liv'd this happy pair,
 And well were known and honor'd there ;
 Jane was renown'd for every grace,
 That can adorn the mind or face ;

While he, for dignity of mien,
Was fine a youth as e'er was seen.

Now Charles when absent from his fair,
Would oft to Garner's rooms repair,
To pass a pleasant hour or two,
In social converse, or at loo ;
But fix'd the time he must depart,
To meet the mistress of his heart.
Alas ! one night engaged in play,
The hours unheeded pass'd away ;
And when the time for leaving came,
He still pursued the pleasing game.
Thus, luckless, let the period pass,
He had engaged to meet his lass.

Poor Jane, by trembling fears opprest,
While anxious thoughts disturb'd her breast ;
No cause divined why Charles should stay,
So long beyond his hour away.

At length she thought, with fearful start,
Some other maiden shared his heart ;
Her mind misgiving, dwelt on that,
Until a thund'ring rat, tat, tat,
Announc'd that Charles again was near,
To calm her mind, and sooth her fear.

But still with jealous fears opprest,
She thus her faulty swain address'd :
“ And so you've deign'd to come at last,
Regardless of the hours pass'd ;
Regardless of the vows you've made,
You've flirted with some other maid.

Ah, cruel Charles, how can you be
 So fickle, and so false to me ;
 While I have ever prov'd so true,
 To love, to honour, and to you ;
 And too, to add one insult more,
 You knock'd with vengeance at my door."
 Poor Charles, abash'd, look'd grave, and sigh'd,
 And thus to lovely Jane, replied :
 " 'Tis true indeed, 'twas woman's power,
 That kept your Charles beyond his hour ;
 And true it is I'd wish to be,
 For ever in her company ;
 Yet, dearest Jane, dry up your tears,
 Dame Fortune ne'er shall raise your fears ;
 And 'twas to her alluring face,
 I owe my present sad disgrace.

" This evening on pleasure bent,
 To Garner's library I went ;
 Convinc'd that there my times of leisure,
 Were sure to pass in perfect pleasure.
 Awhile I join'd in conversation,
 On state of weather and the nation ;
 And then, dear Jane, I went to view,
 Dame Fortune's frolics at the loo ;
 Invoking her to be propitious,
 Methought I saw her smiles auspicious ;
 I join'd the game, quite sure of winning,
 Great Pam himself at the beginning.
 But dire mishap ! an urchin came,
 A favorite of the fickle dame ;

Whose magic 'W——A and C,'
 Soon snatch'd the fancied prize from me.

“ I tried anew, in hopes to gain,
 A *kingly* prize, for you, dear Jane;
 But oh! that little rogue became,
 The *kingly* winner of the game.
 A *queen* to win, I then made sure,
 But still to vex me as before,
 That little urchin's letters three,
 Bore off the wish'd for prize from me.
 Thus hour after hour pass'd,
 With same result, until at last,
 Sore vex'd with loss of time, and pelf,
 And out of temper with myself;
 I left in haste th' unfriendly loo,
 And fortune's frowns to fly to you.

“ This, my dear love, without invention,
 Was the real cause of my detention.

'Tis true, indeed, that at your door,
 I rudely *knock'd*, but shall no more;
 For if you will forgive what's past,
 That slight offence shall be my last;
 And when I hear appear again,
 I'll come with a *ring*, my dearest Jane.”

August the 3rd. 1823.

CHANCE.

" COME hallowed genius of my happiest hours,
 Sweet poesy ! here bring thy wouted flowers,
 Fan from thy fairy wings the rich perfume,
 Such as young Zephyr steals where lillies bloom ;
 Or where the violet in secret blows,
 Or Hybla's thyme---or Persia's vermeil rose,
 Weave in thy mimic loom the golden ray,
 Which darts in splendour from the God of day ;
 Iris, of Heav'n's still richer grace despoil,
 And Dian's crescent recompense thy toil ;
 From Venus self, the golden cincture bring,
 Which God's adore, and poets love to sing ;
 Come with Minerva's panoply, and haste
 Thro' all the realms of nature, art, and taste ;
 Enrich'd by all, the critic's censure brave,
 And lavish all their beauties on thy slave !
 Deck his young thoughts in robe of various hues,
 That Fancy's self may wonder as she views ;
 And wondering---still with rapture, new and wild,
 Admire Imagination's fav'rite child."

Thus did I woo the maid---I fondly love---
 Queen of the lyre!---enchantress of the grove!---
 The nymph, to whom all nature is allied---
 The monarch's boast---the cotter's humble pride.

But all in vain, the suppliant's deep tongued pray'r,
 And well-turn'd period, waste on desert air ;

“ The windy suspirations of forc’d breath,”
 And round me, slept a silence, mute as death.

In this dread pause, whilst on my couch reclin’d,
 Sudden a rush of horror cross’d my mind ;
 My brain was all on fire, and upward broke,
 Volume on volume of ascending smoke :
 While, from the gather’d clouds, on high was seen,
 A spectre rising, meagre, wan, and lean ;
 Scarce did its shrivell’d skin the bones conceal,
 Or hide the famish’d worm’s uncertain meal.

I mark’d its frantic gestures with dismay,
 And trembled---as in seeming sleep I lay ;
 For, as the meagrim work’d, the phantom grew
 A pigmy or a giant to the view ;
 Chamelion like, each whisp’ring breath ’twould hear,
 And show the thousand hues of hope and fear ;
 Now shake aloud it’s dry and rattling jaws,
 With bursts of idle laughter !---then ’twould pause ;
 With look of horrid doubt---and then awhile
 Grin horribly on all---a ghastly smile.

Strange, too, the garb, these strange proportions
 show’d,
 And half expos’d---half veil’d, the demon God.
 From the lank shoulder hung the tatter’d pall !
 And rich with sparkling gems, an eastern shawl
 Turban’d, the bare and hollow skull ; one foot
 A tasty slipper wore---of Hoby’s cut,
 And one was booted high and spurr’d withal,
 Fitted alike, for feat in field or hall ;
 To urge the panting courser’s lab’ring breath,
 And drive, with fell destruction, on to death !

Or on the light fantastic toe to tread,
 And weave the mystic dance, by Julia led,
 One trembling hand, half rais'd, an empty purse,
 And the parch'd lip gave forth the blighting curse ;
 The others grasp'd a visionary prize,
 And doubtful joy flash'd from his blood-shot eyes.
 Ear-rings and necklace, bracelets, armlets too,
 Were well supplied, by dice run thro' and thro',
 And these, like modern gems, more false than true.
 To mark the age of chivalry, the sprite,
 Wore the insignia of a modern knight :
 Kings form'd the garter that adorn'd his breast,
 And Pam, the star, that sparkled from his vest ;
 But still one ornament was wanting more,
 And long I sought what grace the dice-box bore ;
 When, from the foldings, near his bloodless heart,
 I saw peep forth, that foulest work of art,
 A box, prepared by fell demoniac skill,
 To turn *the main*, as ready *dicer's* will.

When, on a sudden, downward gliding fleet,
 The spectre, shrieking stood beside my feet ;
 My limbs grew stiff, by soul bereft of will,
 Seemed lost, and every drop of blood stood still !
 Fainting, I lay, when hollow murmurs broke
 Upon the dreadful silence---as the demon spoke.

" Mortal, awake ! throw off this sluggard trance,
 And listen to the mystic genius,---*Chance*---
 Mine are the orgies,---mine the revels here,---
 And mine the maiden's hope,---the lover's fear ;

The flush of keen desire and jealous hate,
 Unjust suspicion, puerile debate :
 Doubts, that a thousand needless follies speak,
 And sure success, that wreathes the dimpled cheek.
 My thousand temples raise the hallow'd dome,
 To vie with Mecca's consecrated tomb ;
 Nor do my priests more juggling tricks prepare,
 Than they, who keep the prophet, poised in air ;
 But, follow to the scene where Garner holds
 The lure of invitation,---and unfolds,
 With mystic hand and unassuming smile,
 The rites and mysteries that your wits beguile ;
 Draws and undraws the well wrought purse's string,
 And deals, as Chance presides o'er Fortune's ring,
 The lucky Pam,---the ace,---or subject king.'''

This said, away the demon spirit flew,
 And with him all my fears and fancies too ;
 Then first returning reason, coolly said,
 Was this some idle dream by folly bred ?
 Or came the fiend, whence hell's own furies rise,
 Or was it Bonaparte in disguise ?
 Ah ! there's the truth ! he spake of subject kings,
 And these are Bony's ordinary things.
 No wonder *Pam*, the greater prize should draw,
 Since *knaves* in France direct all rule and law ;
 And cards, if ancient chronicles tell true,
 Their earliest birth from *Gallic* cunning drew.

A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

THOUGH long indeed I've led a single life,
 Which, though not free from care, is free from strife ;
 Yet still I think 'twere best to take a mate,
 And try the comforts of the married state.
 'Tis true a wife is said to be an evil,
 Nay, oftentimes will prove a very *devil*.
 How arduous then the task is to decide,
 If best to take, or not to take a bride ;
 Since then so doubtful this appears to be,
 Suppose that *chance* resolves th' uncertainty :
 And *chance* I trow for many thousands more,
 Has oft decided on this case before.
 At *loo* that chance I'll try, if prize it be,
 I'll seek a blooming mate immediately ;
 But if I *thus* a wife should fail to gain,
 The single station I will still maintain.
 To Garner's *loo* he goes, with this intent,
 Resolves whate'er his fate, to be content ;
 In haste arrives, in rapturous joy departs,
 He gain'd a prize, it was the queen of hearts.

MR. GARNER, I'll thank you to tell all the ladies,
 I'm now taking their likeness, for a painter my trade is ;
 But my pencil is magic, possessing the art,
 Not to sketch features only, but pourtray the heart.

I'll begin with the lady that's just now sat down,
 Not you, miss, I did'nt mean you,—pray don't frown;
 I mean the young lady whose black piercing eyes,
 Took that gentleman's heart dress'd in blue by surprise,
 'Till this day he remain'd, to his single vow steady,
 When he saw this sweet girl as she fell from her Neddy;
 And now on her smiles all his wishes depends,
 So to-morrow he'll ask the consent of her friends.

There's a widow here, pray don't be angry, my dear,
 For your husband's been dead, you know, near half a
 year;

Now as men these hard times, you know, are not so
 plenty,

And you (I believe) are some years more than twenty;
 When he bids you good night, and implores your consent,
 Take a hint---give him hopes---or I'm sure you'll repent.

If I sketch little Garner, perhaps some may scoff,
 And some tittering miss bid him, *take himself* off;
 Yet the sly rogue can *draw*, and a very good cause,
 Inspires his first wish---'tis to *draw* your applause.

TO FORTUNE.

GODDESS of golden dreams whose magic power,
 Sheds smiles of joy o'er misery's haggard face;
 And lavish strews the visionary flower,
 To deck life's dreary paths with transient grace.

I woo thee, goddess, from thy fairy cell,
 Where 'midst the endless woes of human kind;
 Wrapt in ideal bliss thou lovest to dwell,
 And sport in happier regions unconfined.

If sunk, O goddess, in thy pleasing France,
 Let kings or aces deign one side long look,
 Or nobler Pam, but smile upon my chance,
 And grace the number which by chance I took.

MARGATE.

MANY scenes this place embraces,
 Many friends with merry faces,
 Many reading, many prattling,
 Many at the dice box rattling;
 Many with empty purses sighing,
 Many loos your luck to try in;
 Many prizes, many blanks,
 Many trinkets for all ranks:
 So all at Margate who love sport,
 Bang up to Garner's, that's your sort.

THIS night I bid a long adieu
 To lucky chance and Garner's loo,
 And if it happens that this may be
 (And why it should'nt I can't see)

A prize ; a Pam, I mean to say,
 I'll bless my stars and bless this day ;
 But if my fate decrees a blank,
 The ladies, then sirs, I must thank.
 How 's that, you think, why hear me say
 What I was told the other day,
 By lady fair, whose charming smile
 Made my heart flutter for a while :
 " Excuse me, sir," said she, " but 'tis true,
 And many a one has prov'd it too,
 That those who cards have never blest,
 But robb'd them of their peace and rest,
 Have in the lottery for a wife,
 Been made happy, yes, for life."

A MOMENT'S PAUSE.

IT must be so ! Garner, thou reason'st well !
 Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This anxious wish, this longing after Pam ?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of sinking to a blank ?---why shrinks the pocket
 Back on itself, and startles at its emptiness ?
 'Tis the base love of gold that stirs within us,
 'Tis Avarice itself that urges on,
 And boldly promises GOOD LUCK to man ;---
 GOOD LUCK ! thou pleasing but delusive thought,
 Thro' what variety of hopes and fears,

'Thro' what sweet expectations must we pass ?---
 The tempting flatt'ring prospect lies before me,
 But shadows, doubts, and darkness rest upon it.
 I'm weary of conjectures,---this once I'll try,
 Indiff'rent in my choice, to win or lose.

TO MR. GARNER.

WHY should I try *my* chance at loo,
 Erst, Garner, cross'd by Pam, *not* you
 I own a dressingcase would prove
 An agrément to chin and love ;
 Backgammon board and ivory men,
 With knight and bishop, would again
 Amuse an idle hour or two :
 A candle shade,—'tis very true,
 In reading to my fair, might tend
 To form the lover from the friend ;
 But then to gain e'en *one* of these,
 I have no luck do what I please.
You are above a bribe ; and *I*
 May draw to all eternity,
 Before I see the favour'd card,
 Which will confer the hop'd award.
 First will Reculver soar in air,
 And smoke from steam packet look fair ;
 First Bennet's nags and donkey seats,
 Will cease to roll along the streets,

And misses fail our ears to plague
 At bathing rooms, with battle of Prague.
 Nay you, friend Garner, change your nature,
 (Trust me, no flatterer, *I* tho' prater,)
 And *be* once in your life uncivil,
 Truth shall be false, virtue the devil ;
 Ere I, howe'er I may importune,
 Shall gain a hit, and miss Miss Fortune.
 Yet chance may lucky prove at last,
 And remedy the losing past ;
 I try once more, and number one
 Shall gain a prize or I am gone.

THE ELDER MISS NICK TO MR. GARNER.

MY DEAR SIR,

As you was so kind to our family, on my former application, (for though you did not give us Pam, you gave us a lot of aces) which being divided among the younger children, has kept papa (Old Nick) in tolerable good-humour. Now as we must be *doing a little in your way*, during our short stay at Margate, I wished to know what I could do that would be most likely to conciliate that black Prince of Clubs ; a certain young gentleman (who must be nameless) with dark good kind of eyes, that often, I assure you, looks very hard at me across your table, says, " My dear Miss Nick, write some verses and you will be sure to win, for all

your family have a pretty turn for poetry, their very names being poetical." "Indeed, sir," I replied, "I was not aware of it, for all my poetry had been blank verse." However we agreed to compose together, and herewith you have our first production---bad enough you will say---but who knows what futurity may bring forth by our joined exertions.

COME ladies fair and gents so gay,
 Let's to Garner's haste away,
 For there you laugh and there you play,
 At all bewitching loo.

For tho' the ladies cash is low,
 And vex'd with often loosing so,
 Still to beloved *loo* they go,
 Which soon dispels alarm.

They soon forget the danger past,
 And hope to win at the next cast,
 And the dear Pam to hold him fast,
 His smile's a pleasing charm.

The gents too with each other vie,
 And Jack, and Luck, and Nick all try,
 With A. B. B. and Mrs. C.
 And Laura's charming I.

But short their hopes and fears must be,
 In the surrounding company,
 For Pam is gone this night d'ye see,
 To MISS GRISELDA NICK.

LOO, VERSUS WHIST, &c.

ALTHO' quadrille, or whist, or chess,
 May please an hour or two,
 Yet they can never charms possess,
 Like those of *Garner's loo*.

Besides, *that* is an easier game,
 The others are *confusing* ;
 Tho' *loo* will often prove *the same*,
 To those who may be *losing*

Loo gives the name to many a maid,
 Of " Fortune's favorite daughter ;"
 And pleases more, the more 'tis play'd,
 Whether on land or *water*.

Our foes, alone, from this dissent,
 Since they will ever rue,
 The dismal dreary day they spent,
 And *lost at water---loo*.

OH, Garner, your loo is surely the devil,
 For both young and old cry pray, Pam be civil ;
 And I that am trying every night in the week,
 Have surely a right Pam's favors to seek :
 But I know he's as fickle, uncertain, and shy,
 As Cupid when ever his arrows let fly ;

However, I promise if this night you deceive me,
 And of Pam, ace, or king, you dare to bereave me,
 Without more ado a grave I will dig,
 In which shall be buried your little spruce wig.

MR. G.
 Can it be,
 Very right,
 Ev'ry night,
 That no prize,
 Charms my eyes;
 Sure I am,
 Mr. Pam,
 Ought to be,
 Turn'd up to me.
 This I know,
 I must go,
 If you still,
 Use me ill;
 Give me then,
 Best of men,
 Any thing,
 Queen or king,
 Ace or knave
 Is all I crave,
 But if *no*,
 Off I go.

AN old friend, my dear Garner, don't view with new face,
 If Pam you can't spare me, then give me an ace ;
 Should the ace be engaged let a king be my lot,
 Or a queen or a knave, or I do not care what.
 Some trifle at least let thy bounty dispense,
 For if fortune should frown I must soon depart hence ,
 If bad luck be the fate of your honest John Hearty,
 From this time he declines to be one of your party.

MARGATE.

GOOD lack, what a wonderful year,
 When our packets (their sails laid aside),
 With large smoky chimnies appear,
 And monstrous mill wheels at their side.

Well, I vow, all the fashions are queer,
 For strait waistcoats are worn by our Jacks,
 While our ladies in trousers appear,
 With buffalo humps on their backs.

Then their shoulders, poor things, are so bare,
 And their petticoats too are so short,
 That whenever I walk on the pier,
 I am sure to see more than I ought.

QUIZ.

PHILOSOPHERS of old did luck deny,
 Then, why meet here each night our luck to try ?
 The old philosophy was all a sham,
 Its doctrines are disprov'd to-night by PAM.
 Besides, the laws of chance are with the fair,
 For where Miss Take is found, Miss Chance is there ;
 Miss Fortune losing PAM, may take a RING,
 But with Miss Conduct there is no such thing.

O YES! O YES! O YES!

LOST or mislaid, or stolen, or strayed,
 The heart of a young damsel, just turned of eighteen,
 The goddess of smiles and of beauty the queen ;
 Who, flirting, t'other night with an officer gay,
 'Tis supposed in the dance that he stole her heart
 away.

It is therefore earnestly requested that the said thief will immediately restore this inestimable jewel, or at least, one equally valuable, that it may be reset in the vacant case, the lady finding it quite impossible to exist in her present heartless condition.

Whoever to this lady this same precious gem will
 bring,

Besides the satisfaction
 Of doing a good action,
 Shall receive a dozen kisses to reward him for his
 trouble,
 But if restored by the robber, his reward shall be
 double ;
 God save the king.

As my stay here in Margate is not very long,
 I have taken a view of your social throng ;
 There 's first Polly Hopkins and Don Giovanni,
 No Luck, Bad Luck, and sweet Kitty Kearney,
 Pat Murphy, a native of the Emerald Isle,
 Here, nightly, his hours and shillings beguile ;
 With Cedric, who's throwing from morning till eve,
 In fact, he the dice box never can leave ;
 There's No Go, Doctor Syntax, Eliza Cabash,
 The last is the man I like most to thrash ;
 There's numerous Sarahs, Marias, and Janes,
 Who to please, at all times, Mr. G. takes great pains.
 Now having reviewed all the players at loo,
 It's time, I consider, to bid you adieu ;
 Wishing Garner long life, for the pleasure he gives,
 And success to his raffles as long as he lives.

ST. SWITHIN.

So St. Swithen's gone by,
 Without rain from the sky,
 While Margate and Ramsgate complain,
 That their cliffs are as hot,
 As a steam vessel's pot,
 For want of a week or two's rain.

And the apples all cry,
 Dear Saint we're so dry,
 Come sprinkle us soon with some rain,
 Or else from the top,
 Of the twigs we shall drop,
 And ever unchristened remain.

See, the ladies not less,
 Declare by their dress,
 That the "moments are melting," indeed,
 For the leno's so thin,
 You may see the bare skin,
 As pink as a pretty sea weed.

So moisten our eyes,
 This hot night with a prize,
 Pray give me an ace or a king,
 And we'll no more complain,
 But wait for the rain,
 While in praise of dear Margate we'll sing.

As I walk'd on the cliff yesterday,
 The weather delightfully fair,
 My hat and my wig blew away,
 And left me bald headed and bare.

The ocean received the rich prize,
 Which instantly sunk from my sight ;
 As Neptune, for so I surmise,
 Claim'd my hat and my wig as his right.

I have look'd on the side of this house,
 And 'tis clear Neptune don't want a wig,
 But his dear Amphitrite, his lov'd spouse,
 Is as bald as a new scalded pig.

Oh, what a sly fellow was he,
 To leave me no hat, wig, or hair ;
 And truly, my friend, Mr. G.
 What to do I don't know I declare.

Have pity then, dear Amphitrite,
 Nor let me my loss long deplore ;
 But yield me in prizes to-night,
 At least the tenth part of a score.

My fate, Mr. G. let me hear,
 For this is my only chance left ;
 Come Pam, king, or ace now appear,
 Or else I'm of hope quite bereft.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE on her magic wheel,
 Blindly deals her gifts around ;
 Nor can art or skill reveal,
 Where her favours may be found.

If you court her, she is coy,
 Shun her, and she proves more kind ;
 While you grasp the promised joy,
 She eludes you like the wind.

AN ADIEU TO MARGATE.

DEAR Margate adieu, to-morrow I leave,
 And shall join in your pleasures no more ;
 But I beg, Mr. Garner, my thanks you'll receive,
 For politeness bestow'd o'er and o'er.

Of all the smart rooms that the gay ones frequent,
 Mr. Garner, my fav'rite, is thine,
 For the goddess of taste has her influence lent,
 And with her *good-nature* doth shine.

And tho' ne'er again I should visit this isle
 Of Thanet, so fam'd far and near,
 I shall hope that good Fortune's favour will smile,
 On endeavours to please so sincere,

“ PRAY where are you going,” says hubby, “ to-night ?”

“ To Garner’s,” says I, “ don’t be in a fright !”

“ To Garner’s,” says he, “ why you’re always a gad-ding.”

“ And would you have one at home for ever fid fadling ? There’s no wife,” says I, “ but what goes out some-times,

And I must go to hear the loos and the rhymes.”

So now, Mr. G., pray give me a prize,

Then my hubby will look with less angry eyes.

To find out a simile for this busy town,
Though ’twould puzzle our poets of highest renown ;
Yet each lady that travels from Shoreditch so nice,
Declares and *pertests* ’tis a true *pare-a-dise*.

“ Dear ma’am, (said a wag) that never can be,
’Tis not *one pair-o’-dice*, for at loo we use *three*.”
Said Surly, “ The lady is right, by her rules
’Tis indeed *Paradise*, but only of *fools*.”

PARODY.

VILL VIPSTITCH, a neat working lad,
A tailor, come down from the city,
Having no body lining is sad,
So pray, Mr. Garner, have pity ;

Else, oh, vat vill become of me ?

Oh, vat shall I do ?

I've spent all my money at Margate,

And nothing can save me but loo.

Yet e'en the ninth part of a prize,

Voud convert all my sorrow to joy,

But a blank vill so strengthen my sighs,

They vill vaft me quick ome in the oy.

Then oh, vat vill become of me ?

Oh, vat vill I do ?

My wife vill be making such game of me,

Nothing can save me but loo.

Then a tailor's petition pray hear,

Stiff as buckram, he'll still be your friend,

Nor, a button for sorrow will care,

If Misfortune have here her fag end.

Then oh, vat vill become of me ?

I know vat it vill do ;

If you do but just turn up a Pam for me,

'Twill convert my von goose into two.

Oh, oh, oh---nothing is equal to loo.

TO FORTUNE.

OF all the torments all the cares,

With which our lives are curst ;

Of all the sorrows that we bear,

A rival is the worst.

By partners of another kind,
 Affections easier grow ;
 In love alone we hate to find,
 Companions in our woe.

Fortune for all these griefs you see,
 Arising in my breast ;
 I beg not that you'll pity me,
 Would you but slight the rest.

Howe'er severe your rigours are,
 Alone with them I'd cope ;
 Then drive me not to fell despair,
 Oh give some cause for hope.

Then shall I shed a tear of joy,
 Rais'd 'bove each bold compeer :
 Proved to the world thy darling boy,
 Is Cupid's *engineer*.

BAD luck is my lot, so I push off my boat,
 For to night I have changed my last guinea ;
 Far better for me had I still been afloat,
 Than been here spending cash like a *ninny*.

Muster Garner, my pilot, has wreck'd my *poor purse*,
 And he *says*, that he pities my case ;
 But my money is gone, and what is still worse,
 I have neither got Pam, king, or ace.

Then farewell to these scenes of delight, mirth, and joy !

Dear friend G. I must bid you adieu !

To-morrow, at six, I embark in the *hoy*,

In the midst of a *curious crew*.

Mr. Ledger, Tom Coddle, and prudish Miss Wren,

Who has seen *forty* summers, and hates all the men ;

Old Doctor Bamboozle, and Captain O'Thunder,

The milliner Flirt, and fat *Alderman Blunder*.

WHEN *famed Reculver* shall ascend the sky !

And Cecil Square be filled with apple pie !

When *cocks* and *hens* are fed on *stale* small beer !

And *Neptune* drives a *gig* on *Margate pier* !

When sucking pigs shall sing in every grove !

And oysters fatten in a *Romford stove* !

When *pickled salmon* from the *clouds* shall drop,

And Bonaparte keeps a chandler's shop !

Wonders shall cease---e'en falsehood shall be true !

And Pam be mine in *Garner's one card loo* !

SHAKESPEARE has said, that " All the world's a stage."

Both true and trite ! but *loo* is *now* the rage.

To show like ages---the various ventures here,

I, *seven* of them now, will make appear.

First, for th' INFANT who can scarcely prattle,

Mamma will try to take her *pet* a rattle.

The SCHOOL-BOY next, now ventures in the loo,
 And for a prize most earnestly does sue.
 The LOVER sighing with woful ballad,
 Tries for his love, a spoon and fork for salad ;
 But I fear, as housekeeping he'll soon begin,
 She'll find he's *oil* without, and vinegar within.
 The SOLDIER next, who boldly braves the wars,
He only *gains* when in his country's cause.
 The WEALTHY CIT, with pockets here well lin'd,
 His *cash* adventures, and hopes a prize to find,
 For as from *shop*, he now has got adrift,
 He *must* take *home* some pretty "Margate gift."
 The aged matron, for darling grandchild tries
Her luck, in hopes to gain the *dear* a prize.
 For the last age *I* breathe a longing sigh,
 But I expect *no* prize ! indeed ! not I !
 Therefore, my *muse*, kind *Garner*, now will sing,
 Sans *Pam* ! sans ace ! sans king ! *sans ev'ry thing* !

WELL, I always lov'd Cheapside till now,
 But *Margate* is *much* the prettiest, I vow ;
 The sea's so pleasant, and in every street
 The town's so clean, the air's so sweet ;
 Then here's the libraries and the loo,
 Where, for a shilling only, *you gain two*.

Nay, I've heard sometimes, 'tis even more,
 For three shillings only, you gain two score ;

And here are such charming things to buy,
For such a trifle too,—who wou'd not try ;
 “ Look, mamma, such ear-rings and a brooch,
 They make me long when I approach.

“ They're just the thing for *me* you know,
 If *I* to Lord Mayor's ball shou'd go.”
 “ The very thing, child, upon my life.”
 “ The very thing, indeed! shame, shame, wife;
 To teach the girl to like such trash,
 And thus to waste her father's cash ;

“ In dangling finery from her ears,
How thoughtless such extravagance appears.”
 “ But don't you know, Mr. Crusty, dear,---
 Now *don't* be so angry---do *pray* come here,
 It is no more than *all* the ladies wear.”
 “ Why, zounds! wife, you'd make a parson swear.

“ You'd go on gambling, and never stop,
 But lose the worth of half my shop:
 No, no, *I wont* hear you,---I again repeat,
 I don't pick up money in the street.”
 “ Well, well, you don't do *that*, I know,
 Nor do I to the ball much care to go.

“ You heard the offer of neighbour Pricket,
 To procure the girl and me a ticket ;
 And 'twou'd be a pity when she's drest,
 To have her look unlike the rest ;

'Tis better far to refuse before,
Than it should be said her father's poor."

"What! *me poor!* zounds, at the very thought I'm
choaking,

Oh wife, wife, *this---this* is no joking ;
I, who long have liv'd so close, to gain
Riches, at last to meet with such a stain."

"*Be soft*, dear Crusty, I *only* said, *in case*
She look'd not well, it *might* take place ;

"But *you* are so hasty---*indeed*, 'tis *you*,
You'll never hear me out---'tis *really true*."

"Mrs. Crusty, you always try to put me in a rage,
And you ought to know better, at *your* age."

"*Dear Mr.* Crusty, the fault is *your's* not mine,
For when I would explain---then *you* decline.

"And if I only *speak* about the fashion,
You *know you always* fly in such a passion."

"Yes, wife, *so you always say*, tho' *I* know best,
And often put your temper to the test ;
No matter, I'm rich, and if our girl can show it,
Our neighbours---*all the City* e'en shall know it.

"She shall go---I'm resolv'd---and go smart too,
For nothing shall be wanting I can do ;
So let her be for once most handsome drest,
With rings and gew-gaws equal with the best.

Here, child, for brooch and necklace, go and throw the
dice,

And choose some lucky numbers in a trice ;
I'll have it said that Crusty's daughter *shone*,
Equally with *ladies* of the *highest* ton."

" NATHAN, I'm very much concern'd to know,
Thee'st put in neighbour Garner's one card loo,
What evil spirit could have moved thee so ?"

" Why Habakkuk and Ruth have both put in ;
Nay, Nehemiah said, that should I win,
He did not think 'twould be so great a sin."

" Yea, verily, 'tis goodly to have Pam,
Else I account it a sad worldly game,
So public too ! 'tmight injure ones fair name."

" Vy all dish yea and nay before de town,
If it be lawful put de shillingsh down ;
Yet, might I speak, my fav'rite shentiment,
I'd lend de moneysh and get shent per shent."

A LAWYER claims your tender care,
Oh ! Garner save me from despair ;
My client's gone, briefs at an end,
And nought but Pam can be my friend.

I cou'd say much for modesty,
 And eke as much for honesty ;
 But on their own merits modest men are dumb,
 Plauditi et velite, terence---hum !

A POOR little match girl, great Garner, am I,
 My freedom forgive, and pray let me try,
 My luck in a single card loo.
 Though a duchess and countess appear on the list,
 What duchess or countess can Fortune resist ?
 Then prithee, great sir, give the next card a twist,
 And show us what Fortune will do.

“ AT Garner’s loos how many pounds are won
 And *lost*,” quoth miss, “ but that you know, sir’s, fun.”
 “ Fun d’ye call it, miss?---to that I can’t agree,
 For what is ‘ fun to you---is death to me ;’
 If losing’s fun! pray what is winning, ma’am?”
 “ ’Tis winning, sir, to get king, ace, or Pam.”

I DREAMT last night of number five,
 And on it now I mean to fix,
 But as that number may not thrive,
 I’ve also pitch’d on number six.

If both are blanks, I do declare,
 I'll bite my lips, nor care a fig ;
 But when at home, I'll tear *my hair*,
 Oh no---I mean---I'll *tear my wig*.

At Garner's library where the beaux resort,
 And at the shrine of Plutus, make their court,
 Each night, a monkey struts, in gay attire,
 Before the glass, his person to admire ;
 Some imitation of the man he bears,
 And on his back, a coat of blue, he wears
 Waistcoat and trousers, like our modern beaux,
 Of blue and white, for so the fashion goes ;
 For monkeys, when they imitate the man,
 Wish to exceed the pattern if they can ;
 His empty head, a hat of chip adorns,
 If he were married, I should think he'd horns,
 For so uneasy it appears to fit on,
 He's every moment altering the position,
 Perhaps, indeed, the texture of his pate,
 Is formed so soft, he can't endure its weight,
 Which makes him take such wondrous care and pains,
 Lest it should crush his little store of brains ;
 But let him not, ye fair, monopolize
 The brilliant object which attracts your eyes,
 From ages past, it ever was your due,
 Ladies, the looking-glass belongs to you.

GARNER *thou* art the very Jew,*
 Which our immortal Shakespeare drew,
 For not the smallest FEELING part,
 Dwells within *thy* flinty heart.
 Have I not brought thee every sweet,
 Which I in Brasier's shop could meet?
 And now, thy goodwill to entice,
 I'll try—a glass of Brasier's ice.

MRS. FIG, a *sweet* lady, who dearly loves loo,
 When she went up this morning to town,
 Look'd in here, as she pass'd, to take a last view,
 And this number to put her name down -

Now I've been commission'd by my friend, Mrs. Fig,
 If you give either Pam, king, or ace,
 To buy some perfume to scent her curl'd wig,
 Or some liquid to wash her red face.

You must know, Mrs. Fig, can boast of the rose,
 The jet, and the lily's sweet hue;
 But the pink from her cheeks has fled to her nose,
 The jet to her teeth, and I can't well disclose,
 Where the lily's pale form you may view.

* Intended as a compliment to Mr. Garner, who was formerly in the habit of performing Shylock and other Characters at the Margate Theatre, for the benefit of persons in distress, &c.

To-morrow I go to tell her the great news,
 To poor Mrs. Fig---who's a worry,
 And I hope, Mr. G. you will not refuse,
 To give a good prize both to her and the muse,
 Who will then leave this place without flurry.

MR. DIP and his lady, a most loving pair,
 To Margate set off t'other day in a chair,
 For that *vile thing, the hoy*, they never could bear.
 Fearing hunger, however, might them overtake,
 The lady, for breakfast, *tucked in* a beef steak,
 And her husband, whose stomach was not quite so craving,
 First took gin and bitters, and then---took *a shaving*;
 The *barber*, whose hand from the *same cause* did quiver,
 Cut a hole in his chin, which some folks call a *sliver*,
 And the lady quite frightened at so sad a disaster,
 Sent instantly off for diaculum plaister ;
 For tho' you may laugh, the *wound*, I avow,
 Was almost as wide as the *hoof of a cow*.
 The remedy being by this time applied,
 He desired his dear wife to get ready to ride.
 The horse, poor dumb beast, was as thin and as lean,
 As if he'd been twelve months in *Hughes'* machine ;
 And the chair, tho' 'twas neat, was sure nothing better,
 Than what *vulgar folks* would call a *bone-setter*.
 After being well shook for two days on dry land,
 We see them arrived on this beautiful island ;
 And being recruited, the first thing they do,
 Is to come to this *shop* for a dabble at *leco*.

“ If, my dear, we by chance should get a good prize,
 I’m determined to remember th’ man from th’ excise,
 For you know, had his GENUS, not set us right,
 Our rushlights and candles would have been all *a light* :
 And suppose, as we’ve done well with *short fours and*
six,
 We make up our minds on those numbers to fix ;
 And should Mr. Garner, *good little OLD man,*
 Give us either ace, queen, king, or Pam,
 I vow and declare, and don’t take it amiss,
 I’d seize hold of his wig, and would give him a kiss.”

Good lack ! Mr. Garner, you nice little man,
 I beg you to give me a *prize* if you can ;
 But if you treat me as you did before,
 Good bye, sir, I’m *gone*, sir ! you see me no more !

But if you present me *Pam, ace,* or the *king,*
 Or any such nice little, gay little thing ;
 You’ll see me bound briskly and spritely from shore,
 And---hush !---you and I’ll do---as we’ve done before !

MARIA.

My friend, Mrs. Snip, whom I think a great treasure,
 (By the bye she’s as lean as a ghost)
 Arrived here this morning with speed beyond measure,
 Having travelled all round the coast.

Tho' lean, Mrs. Snip's at least six feet high,
 And her nose by a fall was made flat ;
 Her eyes, to be sure, tho' they look all awry,
 Are green and as fierce as a cat.

She persuaded her husband, her dear Mr. Snip,
 To stand treat for my chance at the loo,
 And the first thing this morn, after taking a dip,
 Put her name down to this twenty-two.

She trusts you'll turn up, to please her and Snip,
 Either Pam, or else, ace, king, or queen ;
 Or to-morrow, per packet, they'll to town take a trip,
 And at Margate will no more be seen.

REMOTE from every thought of sinning,
 I throw the dice in hope of winning ;
 Although a knave is in *my* thought,
 Like many others dearly bought :
 And though he's blackest of the crew,
 Still may he be a fair ones due ;
 A young beginner too, I am,
 So use me well and give me Pam ;
 If not, an ace, or some such thing,
 Or turn me up a lucky king.

I ONCE Mr. Garner have sent an address,
 To express my good wish for your health and success ;
 And lest you for subjects or verses should lack,
 I have sent you some lines on the merits of Jack.
 By all 'tis allow'd he's a comical creature,
 Officiously meddling and curious by nature ;
 Though not over graceful, and not over wise,
 Perhaps at some period a friend might arise,
 And make this odd compound most wonderful clever,
 Huzza ! Mr. Garner, and Jacky for ever.

O PAM, thou little subtle honey,
 For thee I've lost near all my money ;
 I've sigh'd, and moan'd, and pray'd in vain,
 But never cou'd thee once obtain.

Then grant me Pam this night my wishes,
 Or I must live on empty dishes ;
 Sooth my sighing, ease my moans,
 And bless your little Betsy Jones.

BACK, ye ignobler votaries who pine,
 To render up your thanks at Fortune's shrine ;
 Know, a superior now preference claims,
 Deigns once to rank that claim with vulgar names.

Long has the partial goddess gifts bestow'd,
 In rich abundance or the groveling crowd :
 While I neglected and an outcast roam,
 Far from my native land and childhood's home.
 Others she blest, but never yet has smil'd,
 Or look'd with pity on her wand'ring child.
 To find her dwelling, climes till then unknown,
 I've search'd the frigid and the torid zone ;
 Have cross'd the impervious Andes chilling height,
 Chili and Peru's splendour met my sight.
 Oft has she lull'd me with a golden dream,
 Stretch'd beside Amazonia's giant stream ;
 When rest, result of labour, clos'd my eyes,
 The sun scorch'd grass my couch, my canopy the skies ;
 Still vainly did I wander, but once more
 Landed in safety upon Britain's shore ;
 Behold, what wonders my attention call,
 She sits enthron'd in Garner's circled hall !
 Goddess be just, or by the sword I wield,
 What thou might'st give unask'd, to force thou'lt
 yield ;
 Garner, beware, for Bertram Risingham,
 Now claims his birthright and desires Pam.

DEAR Garner to you I'm inclin'd to make 'plaint,
 I am grieved ! I am sorely tormented !
 If I don't once get *Pam*, I really shall *faint*,
 T'which none of my friends have consented.

The cash I have laid out already in loos,
 I fear much will turn hubby's brain ;
 In pity then grant me some *very rich* dues,
 Or to Margate he'll ne'er come again

Methinks *you* look *glum*, I am sure so should I,
 For in truth there is nought so distressing,
 As to be in disgrace and set piping one's eye,
 While all the gay world's busy dressing.

Then kind hearted soul, befriend me this time,
 And I'll always attend to *your* loo,
 Nor any attraction shall draw me from thine,
 But to Garner's alone I'll prove true.

A MOTHER'S wish for her dear son,
 May Pam, or ace, or king be won ;
 Ye cards be kind, do Garner try,
 Will any here her wish deny ?
 No ! all are smiling, all are willing,
 A prize should crown the mother's shilling.

AUGUST the thirteenth, Mr. Garner, dear sir,
 To-morrow I leave all this bustle and stir ;
 I leave you, forgive me for shedding a tear,
 But I hold all at Margate exceedingly dear.

To *Margate* I came to recover my health,
 To London I go to recover my wealth ;
 I've *here* been successful, if *there* I'm so too,
 I'll come here next season and share it with you ;
 Your politeness is such that I'm proud to confess,
 I remain your obliged and obedient R. S.

'MONGST all the haunts of Pleasure's crew,
 Where Fashion most is active,
 Dear Mister Garner's one card loo,
 Is sure the most attractive.

The crowds arrive, the hour is come,
 And now the room is filling ;
 With old, and young, and deaf, and dumb,
 To lose the sight unwilling.

The lights are snuffed, the sweepstakes fill,
 The ladies take their places,
 And beauty leaves her dear quadrille,
 To sport with kings and aces.

Thus loo inspires e'en *me* to write,
 And now, new wit to borrow,
 Oh ! give me whisker'd PAM to-night !
 I'll rhyme again to-morrow.

J. T.

FAREWELL, and if for ever,
 Cruel, cruel, Mister G.,
 Then remember, that you never,
 In your life gave Pam to *me*.

Yet relent, the past redeeming,
 Ere I bid good bye to you ;
 As to London back I'm steaming,
 Let me owe good luck to *you* !

T.

MR. GARNER,
 MISS TABITHA, last night, ask'd you a favour,
 But you in ill humour would not comply ;
 It's a very great hardship such damsels should labour,
 And all that they get is a cock of your eye.

This night I'm resolv'd, with some other fair ladies,
 Who are boldly disposed and don't care a fig,
 Unless you give prizes (as surely your trade is),
 To upset the table and pull off your wig.

TABITHA TWISTABOUT.

A FRIEND and well-wisher has entered your list,
 Who sometimes plays loo and at other times whist,
 An ace or a king most certain I am,
 Will be *kindly received, but more kindly Pam.*

GARNER to you I now confess my sorrow,
 For town, dear Margate, I must quit to-morrow;
 No more of pleasures I must fondly dream,
 Eggs, butter, cheese, and candles now my theme;
 No more of loos to think nor of the hop
 At the hotel, but stick unto the shop;
 Give me a Pam, the sweet enchanting creature,
 Trifles to gain, for Betsy and for Peter;
 Prizes I've gained by your enticing loo,
 Once more restored health I wish to you,
 And hope, if I should visit you next year,
 To save my pence for walking on the Pier;
 See how the ladies round you now are smirking,
 Once more adieu, your's truly,

SALLY FIRKIN.

FOR six weeks I have tried old Pam to obtain,
 Yet he has escaped me again and again;
 However about him I'll not make wry faces,
 As I have been favoured with kings, queens, and aces;

In this sort of game I am only a learner,
 Altho' a well-wisher to spruce Mr. Garner ;
 May he still have success in this famous town,
 And may it be long ere his sun shall go down.

DON QUIXOTT.

GARNER, I dedicate my muse to thee,
 Trusting this time in prizes you'll be free,
 To one who nightly here is trying,
 Altho' the room's so hot he's nearly frying,
 Still cannot leave your luring game,
 Or miss one night since here he came ;
 These are all reasons which you'll duly weigh.
 I'll try my best, I think I hear you say.
 I'm sure you will, so I submit my case,
 Trusting you'll give me Pam, king, queen, or ace.

CEDRIC.

O DEAR little Garner, I tell you with sorrow,
 I must turn my back upon Margate to-morrow ;
 So give me a prize, and let that be a thumper,
 And I'll drink your good health when at home in a
 bumper.

MY MOTHER.

Who brought me here to Garner's loo,
 To spend my cash as others do,
 No other soul---but only you,
 My mother.

Who on my dress gay ribbons laid,
 And took me to the promenade,
 And told me not to be afraid,
 My mother.

Who took me to the play and ball,
 And least that I should not see all,
 At Bettison's would frequent call,
 My mother.

Who thought of that delightful thing,
 To go to hear dear Broadhurst sing,
 That loyal air, "God save the king,"
 My mother.

Who shew me Dandelion's green,
 When all the motley moving scene
 Was dancing on the carpet green,
 My mother.

Who taught me how the dice to throw,
 And kings and aces thus to know,
 Their value in the little go,
 My mother.

Who was it took me out to ride,
 Upon a donkey by her side,
 And taught me how the reins to guide.

My mother.

When I leave Margate Pier behind,
 Remembrance oft shall bring to mind,
 These acts of thine, so good and kind,

My mother.

OH! dear Garner, I'm obliged to go home,
 For reasons, how many, I don't say;
 One is, that your loos, oh! horrible things,
 Have help'd to take all my money away.

What misery 'tis to be short in the pocket,
 I no presents can carry, do you see;
 Because neither your Pam, your king, or your ace,
 Have been kind to poor little me.

Once more I will try, to see if I win,
 To risk this last chance I am willing;
 But if now I fail---I shall make a long face,
 And cry---"There goes the poet's last shilling."

Dear sir, thro' your medium, I now take my leave
 Of the ladies, that nightly your tables surround;
 To the married, I say, may they always be happy,
 To the single, may next year they married be found.

SIMPLE SAMMY.

LONG have I thirsted for a prize,
 With listening ear, and eager eyes,
 Night after night have heard thy voice,
 Making both old and young rejoice,
 But still am left forlorn.

Oh, cruel Garner! didst thou know,
 The truly sympathetic woe
 Felt by *my mother for her boy*,
 Who is, alas! her only joy,
 You *surely* would relent.

How shall I *coax* thee to bestow
 One little prize before I go,
 On *Samuel*, MOTHER'S DARLING CHILD!
 Who, *simple* calls me, for I'm mild,
 And harmless as a lamb.

Meagre my form, and *pale* my face,
 In my lank visage you can trace
 The marks of woe and sad despair,
 Alas! those *smiles that charm'd the fair*,
 Are ne'er in *Margate* seen.

Would that I were but JOLLY SAM!
 HE has been blest full oft with Pam;
 His *simple* brother I'm afraid,
 Dear Garner! will, without thy aid
 Quite break his mother's heart.

Oh ! let me then with all *my might*,
Implore thee for the Pam this night,
 For if thou art *inclin'd* to save
 His DARLING MOTHER from the *grave*,
 Attend to Sammy's prayer.

O! Mr. G. with great sorrow I say,
 From Margate, dear Margate, I soon must away,
 For while I've been here in the green sea to wash,
 So freely I've lived that I've spent all my cash ;
 Therefore you knowing my pitiful case,
 Shall expect you to give me the Pam, king, or ace ;
 Only do this and I'll ne'er more bid the folks twig,
 Your winks, on your blinks, or your little brown wig.

MR. GARNER, with sorrow this evening I view,
 For the *last* time this season, your single card loo ;
 How oft I have tried, and how often in vain,
 But by way of take leave, I will e'en try again.
 Yet another motive this evening has opened my purse,
 To bid adieu to the *Adonis* of Margate in verse ;
 Now I see you start, and exclaim, " Now who can this
 be !"

The person I mean is no other than thee ;
 For you are so obliging, polite, have such an air, and
 such ease,
 That, tho' we lose our money, you ne'er fail to please.

Yet ere Mummary's safety coach conveys me away,
 To London's great city, so fine and so gay,
 Permit me to offer the best wish I can,
 For a continuance of your health,---a blessing precious
 to man ;
 May prosperity banish every furrow of care,
 And next summer, should *I* return to your invigorating
 air,
 May I find you surrounded, as at present I see,
 By your friends and well-wishers, among which reckon
 me ;
 And in return for these lines pray deal, if you can,
 To *one* who esteems *you*, the *lucky knave, Pam*.

O, FORTUNE ! give Pam unto her I adore,
 And I promise I never will trouble you more,
 Except for her sister, a sweet tempered thing,
 To whom you may give or an ace or a king ;
 For myself---a youth modest as ever was seen,
 I pray thee bestow me a knave or a queen.

My name's Obadiah, convinced I am,
 Thou'lt give me the black man,---by some called Pam ;
 For tho', peradventure, no gamester myself,
 Like the children of darkness I wish for the pelf :
 Then befriend me, or henceforth thou'lt find me
 unwilling
 To open my pocket and give thee a shilling.

If you don't give me a prize, you provoking sad man,
 To plague you, in turn, I'll do all that I can !
 If I can't pull your wig, scratch your eyes, or your
 nose,
 I'll sit close to the table and tread on your toes.

SWEET Margate adieu,
 Adieu thou sweet isle,
 Where pleasure and health both abound ;
 Adieu, thou dear Garner,
 Whose loo and whose smiles
 Our evenings with pleasure have crown'd.

FINIS.

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